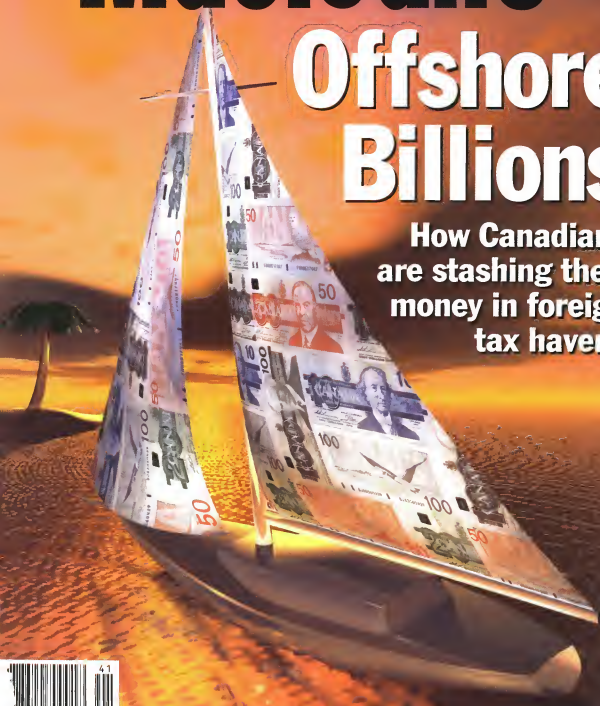


Maclean's

Offshore Billions

How Canadians
are stashing their
money in foreign
tax havens





Every flight is a special flight.

CHAMPAIGN WEEKLY NEWSMARTIAN
JANUARY 1995 VOL. 104 NO. 41

- 2 EDITORIAL
- 4 LETTERS
- 14 OPENING NOTES/PASSAGES
- 17 COLUMN: FRED BURNING
- 18 CANADA

Angry protests greet Ontario's right-wing agenda, the federal NDP prepares to elect a new leader, the Senate inquiry into the Pearson International Airport deal swaddles both Liberals and Conservatives, a murder trial shocks a B.C. town

2D BACKSTAGE OTTAWA:
ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

36 WORLD
Washington brokers peace accords in Bosnia and the Maldives
East: fossil hunter Richard Leakey takes on Kenya's power elite
Tulsi Grew speaks out for Muslim women

46 BUSINESS
AT&T leads a rescue bid for United, a daylight between two haulers of executive jets, a blueprint for the information highway.

12 THE NATION'S BUSINESS:
PETER C. NEWMAN

34 COVER

61 PEOPLE

62. SPORTS
68. SPORTS WANTED:

Trent Payne

DE JUSTICE

Brian and Terrence McKenna argue that the Royal Canadian Navy botched its principal responsibility in the Second World War.

74 FILMS
Two new dramas feature women
facing life-or-death choices for justice.

78 ART
A retrospective celebrates the
homosexual aesthetic of Marc Chagall

#2 BOOKS

48 FOTHERINGHAM

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54 Selfish, self-help books, lawyers, bankers and accountants are making it much easier for middle-class and wealthier Canadians to learn the tax-saving secrets of the super-rich. The message, simply put, is that money tucked away in an offshore bank or corporation is beyond the reach of Revenue Canada.



18 Both sides in Quebec's increasingly bitter referendum campaign lowered the tone of the debate with alarmist accusations and personal attacks. Liberal leader Daniel Johnson called on everyone to "lower the volume."

69 By the time lawyers gave their closing arguments in a Los Angeles courtroom last week, the double-murder trial of O. J. Simpson had become a cauldron for black-white conflict in America.



62 Less than a year after a five-month labor dispute, the National Hockey League begins a new season with high expectations. But even as the league makes deeper inroads into the lucrative U.S. market, some Canadians worry that they are losing their home game.



10



Hedistic doctor William LaValley: without pills, side effects or sneezing

Healthy choices

As the director of a reflexology school and clinic, I found your "Alternative medicine" cover greatly well balanced ("Hinders or quacks," Sept. 20). The term, however, automatically throws us into a competitive relationship with medical practitioners. Calling us "practitioners of natural medicine" is preferred. Second, isn't it true that this must be put to rest, with well-designed research studies to evaluate the various modes of natural healing? Third, you ask the right question—why does the Canadian medical establishment seem so hostile to alternative medicine—but you get lost in the public relations rhetoric. The inevitable answer is money and power. Last, why is a medical doctor who is trained in natural therapies not allowed to practice in these areas together with his medical peers? The medical establishment needs to answer this before it once more tries to pull the wool over our eyes with its patriarchal chain of command for our health.

Glenn Skelley,
Riverside

You failed to answer your question, "Alternative medicine: healers or quacks?" Therapeutic interventions, be they advocated by conventional or unconventional medical practitioners, need to be subjected to placebo-controlled trials. Therapies that cannot be proven using evidence-based medicine may be quackery, whether proposed by formally trained medical doctors or alternative healers. Patients should be informed that the proposed therapy is unproven, and perhaps the individual, rather than government medical insurance plans, should pay for the therapy.

Dr. Paul Clancy,
Ottawa, IL

Recent generations have grown up making a variety of illnesses by popping pills. Today's shift towards natural and alternative forms of medicine marks the beginning of a balance between the old and the new. As a physician's child, I look forward to the day when the two will finally walk hand in hand, treating the individual as a whole being, rather than as isolated points of pain.

Justin Prempson,
Pierrefort, Ont.

My hip lever is so bad that when a standard x-ray gave me worthless tests on my arm, one spot swelled larger than his measuring device. He went right out, bought film and took a picture. My lever has affected my schooling and my career. No allergy shots ever helped, and antibiotics caused many side-effects. My nose can run like a faucet and my throat can be so raw I can't talk. Sneezing fits have prevented me from diving. I even once fell asleep as my boss was giving me instructions. But this year, I haven't had to take a pill because my alternative allergist prepares an effective serum that I can take under my tongue a few times a day. Now, I can live without pills, without side-effects and without sneezing. I'm also without health insurance coverage because this treatment is new and different. It costs a lot to take this treatment, but it would cost me much more if I didn't. Not all alternative doctors are quacks; there is room for modern medicine to grow and learn.

John Cunningham,
Reynolds, Ont. IL

All in the family

I sincerely hope that Peter C. Newman is mistaken in stating ("Forecasting the lessons of the 1992 referendum," *The National Business*, Sept. 18) that "New Canadians east of St. Lawrence and west of the Gulf" seem to care what happens in their country. I care passionately about Canada, and am deeply concerned about the future. I want our political leaders to proclaim that Quebec is an integral part of the Canadian family and as family members, Quebecers are wanted, needed and loved. Is that really too much to ask?

Marwan Porting,
Scarlet Lake, N.B.

The people I know are very concerned about what may happen to our country if Quebecers vote No. The problem is that we are tired of having Quebec threaten to secede every 10 years or so and, since it is their decision, we have decided to sit back and wait for the results.

Robert R. Shaw,
Ottawa, Ont.

Outside looking in

What an opportunity to see political postcard Jacques Parizeau on the Sept. 20 cover along with the caption "We the people." While Parizeau flaunts the unbounded aspirations of a sovereign Quebec, he has dodged the more sobering questions on the uncertainty of the future. Surely the people of Quebec will see that a vote in favor of his sugar coating will result in the downfall of a once empty and culturally abundant land.

Steve Minkin,
Wigman Beach, N.S. IL

As a Canadian living Down Under, it is incomprehensible to me that even if the referendum is carried over a 100-year, how the voting majority of a province of seven million can tell 22 million people how they, the rest of Canada, are going to treat a minority.

Gordon McVie,
Bathurst, Australia

Blair-Quebecois leader Lucien Bouchard says some Canadians are using scare tactics in the referendum battle. But the consequences of the separatists' proposed actions should be brought to full focus and to the attention of all Quebecers and Canadians, even if such consequences do become frightening.

Mike Boylan,
Scarborough, Ont.

In Mexico there is endless life to discover.



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Maclean's 10th annual Honor Roll of 12 Canadians will appear in the December 18 issue, on sale December 11. Readers are invited to submit nominations with testimonials of 50 words or less. To be honored, candidates must be Canadian citizens whose contribution to the life of the nation in 1995 is worthy of special recognition.

A panel of editors seeks candidates from a wide variety of fields, famous or not, with only one exception: those engaged professionally in politics.

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Maclean's
What Matters to Canadians

LETTERS

The rankings

Every year, I look forward to your issue on University rankings. It is a particular favorite in our household, since four of the five children have finished, or are currently attending, university in Canada. We enjoy comparing our respective university rankings and especially trying to see if our 13-year-old son is worth one university or another. I would like to suggest that more emphasis be placed on discussing a university's education. In our case, we each paid our way through school with varying amounts of scholarships, loans and bursaries. With the advent of the new student loan process and the absence of government-guaranteed loans, students should be well aware of their financial options prior to considering a university degree.

Michelle Hunsbuck,
Victoria

Gender battles

I was appalled to read Barbara Aron's outdated column about traditional gender roles ("The madness of the unsexed experiment," Aug. 28). Growing up female in Canada, I sometimes had to fight tooth and nail to pursue my dreams. How many people told me, "If girls were to cut it off, the sky would be pink," even after I won numerous Royal Canadian Air Cadet Awards? Then, after receiving admission and many scholarships to the University of Toronto, I was told to find a job upon leaving the big city at age 18, as the university provided housing only for male engineering students. Finally, I accepted a full scholarship to MIT at Cambridge, Mass., where the entry of women into non-traditional careers is encouraged. We should let women know they can compete for any job—they meet minimum physical and intellectual standards. I grew up in Canada, sincerely, but I do not like sexist stereotypes and discrimination—both from men and women.

Amy Poirier,
Cambridge, Mass.

Barbara Aron's expressed so many of my feelings exactly. I am not a feminist, I am a woman. I am for the equality of all, not just my own gender. I think it is so sad to see women as mere sports figures. A recent example is the women attempting to enter a male-only military academy in the United

States. She tried, and failed—like so many men before her. Big deal? Isn't equality what it was all supposed to be about? Political correctness should never be placed before common sense.

Tracy Wilson,
Richmond, Ont.

'Breeding ground'

Now that Paul Bernardo has been found guilty, we should all direct our attention to ensuring that such killings do not happen again. (Bernardo, the would-be



University of Toronto: financial considerations

ry." Cover, Sept. 10. What has each of us done, in our own small way, to catch criminals before they escalate their crimes? Where are the stiffer sentences for the violent offenders to make it clear that we will not tolerate this kind of abuse? How many more trials like this must we endure before we realize that there is a connection between our collective moral fabric and the environment that provides the breeding ground for these monsters?

Peter Harrison,
Newmarket, Ont.

Maclean's column reader's views had taken away to school for years and clearly their supply lines, which and before the column reader. What, then, to the Editor Maclean's magazine, 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7. Fax: (416) 596-7730. Or: 7670 20470/compuserve.com

behind this symbol of quality



is



Ann Roberts

Quality Control Supervisor - Gay Lea Foods Co-operative Limited - Litchfield, Ontario

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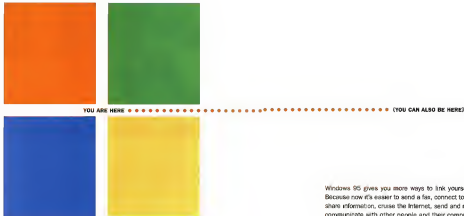


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WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TODAY?™

A small, horizontal photograph showing a tropical beach. In the foreground, several palm trees are silhouetted against a bright sky. A hammock is strung between two trees in the middle ground. The ocean is visible in the background under a clear sky.



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OPENING NOTES

A continuing tale of tragedy

They were supposed to live happily in the mansion on a hill. When Elaine and Oliver Dionne were finally able to reunite their famous daughters, the Dionne quintuplets, at the age of 5, with their two older children, the family was living in a wonderful new house built with money that the quint's publicity had generated. The girls had been born in 1934 on the nearby Dionne farm, on the west North Bay Shoal, 300 km north of Toronto. This Dionne environment, struggling to assist the overwhelmed family, moved the quint into a specially built nursery near the farm. It soon turned into a major tourist attraction, and the Dionne parents had only limited access to their five famous daughters. Their reunion in 1940, however, did not bring happiness to the family. Last week, during a rare interview to promote a new book about their lives, the surviving quintas, Yvonne, Annette and Cecile, said life as the big house was

brutal. In *Dionne Quintuplets: Family Secrets* by Montreal author Jean-Yves Sorely, the sisters, who are now 61, accuse their father of sexually molesting them. They say that Oliver Dionne, who died in 1979, robbed them during car rides. When they complained to a local priest, he simply told them to "bear better coats in that car," they say. Sorely says why their allegations are surprising: Annette Dionne said "We had to liberate ourselves from the past and turn the page." But one of their older sisters, Therese (Donna) Callahan of North Bay, who was 5 when the quint were born, will have no part of their story. Saying that their father was incapable of such acts, she told Maclean's that the book will only further hinder her already troubled family. "We are in pain and hurting," says Callahan. "We are very depressed by this."

The Dionne family reunited; trying to turn the page on an unhappy past



The return of a disgraced MP

Theresa-anna MP Jas Bhadrani has been lying low since January, 1994, when he was forced out of the Liberal caucus because of discrepancies in his résumé and an uproar over four allegedly threatening letters he wrote to a past employer. Bhadrani has now re-emerged publicly to announce the idea of holding a conference of East Indian parliamentarians from around the world. With

Indian craftsmen and their descendants thriving on five continents, British Labour Party MP Jas Bhadrani was approached by Bhadrani in September about helping to organize such a conference for next year or 1997. The two, however, have little in common: Bhadrani, who did not return calls from Maclean's, told the New York City-based newspaper *Indian Affairs*



that he and Jas agreed to hold the conference in Ottawa, "Actually," Jas told Maclean's. The quote came on having it to London. But the British parliamentarian did not want to discuss their disagreement. Saying that he was aware of Bhadrani's earlier troubles, Jas added with a hearty laugh "And I don't want to do to there."

Bhadrani: disagreement



Bodsworth: moving readers to tears

A novel's second life

Frederic Bodsworth's love affair with *Indian Legends* as a child and stayed with him. As a young writer in Toronto after the Second World War, Bodsworth often wrote fiction that took its themes from nature. One of his stories, *Lost of the Caribou*, told the tale of a solitary Eskimo curlew, the last of the species, on its perilous 5,000-mile migration from the Arctic to the tip of South America. It appeared first in *Maclean's* in 1964, then in a book a year later. Now, thanks to Pulitzer Prize-winning U.S. poet W.S. Merwin, it is suddenly back in vogue. Merwin came across Bodsworth's story last year while searching through a pile of old books at a friend's home on the Hawaiian island of Kauai, and was moved to tears when he read it. He promptly contacted a Washington-based publisher, Counterpoint, which has now returned the novel in the hope that the story of one shaman's fight into oblivion will draw attention to other animals that face extinction. Bodsworth, now 71, says it is a fitting coincidence for his book, which he calls a "short story that got out of control." Added the author, as he left his Toronto home for a weekend of bird-watching in southern Ontario: "I hope a new generation of readers will discover it."



Unlappable Canadians

The Australians are doing it, the Germans are doing it, and even the ultra-diplomatic Japanese are doing it: citizens from some of the world's most powerful nations have mounted vigorous campaigns protesting the nuclear issue now being carried out by France in the South Pacific. Sales of French wines have plunged by 70 to 80 per cent in Australia, and by 50 per cent in Sweden. One of Japan's largest daily newspapers called on Japanese tourists to boycott French products, a catalyst worth \$2.75 billion annually that what is the response from the country that goes birds to one of the world's largest environmental organizations. Greenpeace. Aesthetics, complete silence. Despite ardent calls from anti-nuclear testing groups for a boycott of French products, Canadians have mounted only isolated protests. The odd restaurant has deleted French vinegars from its wine list, and some restaurants have decided to boycott French products.



Protesting France's nuclear tests: surprised by silence

But two large provincial liquor boards, in Ontario and British Columbia, report that the call for a boycott has had no discernible effect on sales of French wines. At most, 50 or so demonstrators gathered outside the French embassy in Ottawa a day after the first tests on Sept. 5, and fewer than 300 took similar action across the French consulate in Vancouver. "We were quite surprised," said consulate spokesman Carole van Zeyde. Reserve, it seems, remains a powerful Canadian trait.

A hockey legend says No to separatism

A cynical might suggest that House of Commons Speaker Gilbert Pezon had the coming Quebec referendum in mind when he invited 50 former NHL greats to visit the House this week. But his older instincts find the timing of the appearance by formerly distinguished stars from French and English speaking Canada is purely coincidental. In any case, there will be some history in seeing Bloc Quebecois MPs on their first homecoming since former Montreal Canadiens star, Jean Beliveau.



Beliveau: unsuppressed

who happens to be a committed federalist. Beliveau, who is dropping by the Hill with former Ministers Red Kelly, Horrie Meelhor, Gordie Howe, Paul Henderson and Henri Richard, among others, says he is not impressed by Lucien Bouchard's efforts to take Quebec out of Canada. "I think we're all tired of the situation," he told *Maclean's*. Beliveau said he does not plan to take part in the referendum campaign, but "I hope that this series of once and for all. We are living in a great country."

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS

PASSAGES

BIRD: Former B.C. cabinet minister Phil Gallagher, 52, one of the most colourful politicians in recent Canadian history of parliament in Vancouver. Known as Flying Phil, both for his penchant for picking up speeding tickets while serving as highway minister and his over-the-top use of government aircraft, Gallagher was a member of the B.C. legislature from 1962 to 1979. Sixteen years later, he was elected mayor of Kamloops at age 75. Among Gallagher's most colorful quotes: "I'm telling it, it's because I believe I'm telling the truth."



SENTENCE: George singer Courtney Love, 31, is now under suspended sentence after pleading guilty to taking a real anger on the head during a July 4 rock festival, in Ephrata, Wash. In return for avoiding jail, Love agreed to undergo counseling to control her temper.

CHARGED: Montreal Expos pitcher Carlos Perez, 24, with using a 20-year woman in his hotel room, in Atlanta. Perez acknowledges having sex with the woman, but says it was consensual.

AWARDED: To Marlene's columnist and Financial Post editor Diane Francis, 48, the Cecil M. Brown Freedom Medal by the National Council for the Humanities. Francis said she does not plan to take part in the referendum campaign, but "I hope that this series of once and for all. We are living in a great country."

CANCELLED: By Academy Award-winning comedian George Burns, 96, a series of Las Vegas shows at January is made for 1994. Burns, citing continued ill health related to a brainfall fall a year ago.

SENTENCE: Former British Olympic swimming coach Paul Hawkins, 48, in 12 years in prison for a series of rape and indecent assaults on teenage athletes under his charge in Cardiff, Wales. The judge termed his crimes, which occurred over a 15-year period, "filthy and dreadful."

FOUND: An opera score by Giuseppe Verdi, who died in 1901, under a pile of old papers in the home of his great granddaughter.

BEST-SELLERS

FICITION

1. *The Celestine Prophecy*, James Redfield (3)
2. *The First Wives Club*, Jane Green (2)
3. *Chances to Quit*, Neil Gaiman (1)
4. *The Winner's Last Stand*, Michael Ondaatje (1)
5. *A Place Called Heaven*, Ian McEwan (2)
6. *Moving Back North*, Michael Ondaatje (1)
7. *The Horse Whisperer*, Michael Ondaatje (1)
8. *The Last World*, Michael Ondaatje (1)
9. *The House of the Spirits*, Isabel Allende (1)

E.J. Pressley for *Maclean's*

NONFICTION

1. *My American Journey*, Colin Powell (3)
2. *My Father, My Mother*, Colin Powell (2)
3. *The Death of the World*, John G. Miller (1)
4. *My Father, My Mother*, Colin Powell (2)
5. *When Elephants Weep*, Jeffrey M. Mervis (1)
6. *My Father, My Mother*, Colin Powell (2)
7. *My Father, My Mother*, Colin Powell (2)
8. *My Father, My Mother*, Colin Powell (2)
9. *My Father, My Mother*, Colin Powell (2)
10. *My Father, My Mother*, Colin Powell (2)

Compiled by Susan Bickel

DOWN AND DIRTY

Both sides lower the tone in Quebec's referendum debate

BY BARRY CAME



When autumn mists blanket the lower reaches of the St. Lawrence River, the most popular attraction on board the ferryboat L'Assommoir is the television set by the snack bar. With nothing to see and even less to do, passengers spend the two-hour crossing from Trois-Rivières on the river's south bank to Les Escoumiers on the northern shore drinking watery coffee and watching old movies. On a particularly foggy day last week, it was *The Blackboard of Notre-Dame*, the 1957 remake with Audrey Hepburn in the starring role, that captured their attention. And for traveller Alain Dubé, a 40-year-old hardware salesman on his way from Rimouski to Châteauguay, the film struck a timely referendum note. "They guy could have had a brilliant career in Quebec politics," mused Dubé as he watched the disgraced Québec king among the parodies that decorate the face of the ferry's cafeteria. "That's just about what we've got here, a bunch of entrepreneurs trying to tell us how to behave when all they seem to be able to do is shout insults at each other."

A harsh judgment perhaps but, given the performance of all sides in Quebec's referendum debate last week, one that is not entirely misplaced. For as the pace of the campaign accelerated, separatists and federalists alike chose to lower the tone. Bitter personal attacks and personal slights abounded as both sides struggled to push the upper hand. Premier Jacques Parizeau's Paris Québecois machine, inspired by its failure to sway public opinion, lashed out at delicate policies and personalities and launched an emotional advertising campaign clearly designed to spite shareholders but still sensitive Quebec patriots (page 21). Not to be outdone, the federalists indulged in excesses of their own. For the first time in the campaign, Liberal Leader Daniel Johnson was put on the defensive, forced to defend himself from the remarks of some of his more ardent followers at precisely the moment when he took his campaign to Quebec's hinterland. By the end of the week, the situation had deteriorated to the point where both leaders felt moved to reject their troops. "Can we lower the decibels?" Parizeau wondered aloud, to which Johnson promptly replied, "I'm asking everyone to lower the volume because it's everyone in Québec who will still be here the morning after the vote."



Daniel Johnson takes the wheel of his campaign here. 'I'm asking everyone to lower the volume.'



Perreault cheered on by his wife, Lucette Lapointe, at his rally, disavowed

If the campaign is generating a lot of heat, however, it does not appear to be accomplishing much in the way of changing Quebecer minds. At least, those were the findings suggested by two new opinion polls late last week. One, conducted among 2,000 voters between Sept. 20 and 23 by CBC's *Line* at Montreal for *The Toronto Star*, Montreal's *Le Presse* and Québec's TVA television network, found that 47 per cent of respondents intended to vote No on Oct. 30, 39 per cent Yes and 14 per cent were undecided or refused to answer. When the undecideds were reinterviewed, the results indicated a 55 to 45 vote against the sovereignty option. The second poll, carried out Sept. 25 to 28 by Groupe Léves & Léves for *The Globe and Mail* and *Le Journal de Montréal* also put the federalists on edge. With a smaller sample of 1,000 voters, it found 53.2 per cent for the No side and 46.8 per cent for the Yes after undecided voters were allocated proportionally to each side.

For the PQ faithful and their allies in the Bloc Québécois and the Parti action démocratique, the results were not encouraging. What is more, they are certain to add to the spreading sense of panic in the separatist camp. Even before the new poll findings were released, there were increasing signs of fissures among Parizeau's troops, particularly within the PQ caucus. Faced with a barrage of complaints from anxious caucus members, the premier chastised the key players on his referendum campaign team. He placed his chief of staff, Jean Bayle, a trusted adviser, in overall charge of the campaign, moving aside Normand Bruneau, a former federal union official with little political experience. He handed a case of steel and lead versions of post-political wars out of retirement, or from the party's back issues where they had been languishing since last year's provincial

election. And he abandoned the so-called independent campaign approach that had been advocated by, among others, the journalist-turned-political adviser Jean-François Lussier, embarking instead on a blunt appeal to some of Québec voters' most basic fears. "The happy to see that's going to be a referendum," commented PQ MNA Claude Bellemare. "Faced with the advantages we have before us, it's clear we better have some old hands around."

These "old hands" did not take long to exert their influence. Shortly after noon began to appear in newspapers across the province, dwelling on alleged scandals and threats issued by various federalist spokesmen. The discredited call to "smoke—crash—the separation" in the referendum issued by Claude Gauthier, president of Canadian operations for Standard Life Assurance Co., was featured heavily in the press, as, portrayed as yet another example of the alleged harassment

that Québecers face from the rest of Canada. The same theme was trumpeted in subsequent radio commercials, broadcast 20 times a day for five successive days on 37 stations in all regions of Québec. In a similar vein, sovereigntists attacked Johnson for telling an audience composed largely of Québecers of Italian origin that "we are all immigrants." Bloc leader Lucien Bocharard was chastised for describing an independent Québec as "a shambles state." And Jean Chrétien's prediction that the separatists were "going to take a beating" at the polls was viewed to imply that the Prime Minister was waiting for a No vote in order to finally erase all trace of Québec separatism.

The same tone crept into speeches by leading sovereigntists. When federal Finance Minister Paul Martin, in a powerful Montreal speech, sharply demanded the separatists initiate economic progress, he was received by Québec deputy premier Bernard Landry as "retardant demagogic." Bloc leader Lucien Bocharard reacted to the same speech by voting that in the event of Québec independence, "English Canada would run after Mr. Parizeau to ask him, to beg him, to sit down and discuss." Québec's status of Canada's 503rd-largest national debt. And in a clear sign that Martin had managed to strike a sensitive nerve, Bocharard also attempted to compare the Chretien government's approach to social security reform to "the simplistic and horizontal solution of Hitler Hitler—a reference to right-wing neo-Nazi nationalism last week by the Ontario premier's new government" (page 20).

Parizeau himself joined the chorus, warning Québecers that a No vote would likely limit their old-age pensions, unemployment insurance and medical services. He also warned of a "crisis" in the province's economy, a reference to a credit crunch behind-the-scenes influence to coax leading government-owned corporations—Hydra Québec, the provincial liquor corporation and the provincial liquor agency—to resign from the Conseil du patronat, the province's main employers' association, in a protest against the over-inflating federalist treatment of the business in the



THE REFERENDUM CAMPAIGN

• Two new polls gave the No side the lead, confirming the findings of earlier surveys. One poll, taken by CBC's *Line* at Montreal, found 55 per cent of Québec voters ready to vote No to sovereignty, compared with 45 per cent for the Yes side. The second survey, conducted by Groupe Léves & Léves, put No support at 53.2 per cent, and Yes support at 46.8 per cent.

• Premier Jacques Parizeau demanded that a planned referendum TV debate between him and Québec Liberal leader Daniel Johnson be expanded to include Prime Minister Jean Chretien and Lucien Bocharard

of the Bloc Québécois. Chretien rejected the suggestion, saying that Parizeau is afraid to face Johnson alone.

• Franco-Albertans went to Montreal to argue that French would be better protected in a united Canada, while leaders of the English community in Québec travelled to Alberta to urge separatism. Reform party leader Preston Manning to stay out of the Québec debate. Michael Harris, president of the English-language lobby group Alliance Québec, advised Manning that he is playing into the hands of the separatists by questioning Chretien's tactics in the referendum fight.

provision. The premier even attempted to make a campaign mine out of four separate acts of vandalism against democratic property law: work, including attacks on the homes of two separatist and breaking windows at a Yes committee office in Montreal. Missing federalist forces far insisting the accidents. "The extremists are so willing to provide through insults, slander and yelling can result in these things," Parguez declares.

To be sure, Quebec's Liberals were not entirely blameless. Certainly Standard Life's Gersch did not help the federalist cause by his provocative comments. But Gersch was not alone. When Jacques Ducharme launched a television last week to draw in support in the lower St. Lawrence region, he was consistently dogged by the questionable tactics of some of his supporters. He drew a polite but clearly hostile crowd of trade unionists at a Bombardier plant in La Prairie, ignored by company president. Bombardier apparently ordered the union to leave. Further downtown in Mario Dumon's hometown and sitting of St-Jovite-de-Loup, he listened in pained discomfort as Liberal youth-wing president Claude Bibe Gagnon played with the Parti action democrats' leader's music, describing him as "Mama Duce"—roughly, Mama the urbanist. At the same time, meeting, Francis Dineen, the Liberal MP for Kamouraska/Témiscouata, offered a murky comment about the state of Bloc leader Bouchard's marriage to his American-born wife, Audrey, and the future separation of the couple's children. Separatism in "what Lucien Bouchard is offering his children," she said, slyly adding, "if they stay in the country."

Even Johnstone found himself accused of engaging in personal dirt involving the distinctive PQ house leader, Guy Chevrette. The previous weekend, Chevrette said Canada's gentlemen would be "on all fronts" beginning to engage with an independent Quebec. In response, Johnstone replied that if the protesters are on all fronts it would be in order to see eye-to-eye with Chevrette, who has barely five feet tall. The Liberal leader subsequently telephoned Chevrette to apologize, but not before the separatists had used as the remark as a campaign slogan.

There was some truth to the charge. For Quebec's federalist camp, buoyed by public opinion polls as well as their continued success in stifling the separatists, is clearly in a confident, even cocky mood. But there are dangers in advertising far triumphant an attitude. The federalists have been so successful in the recent Conservative Leader Jean Charest last week in Rivière-du-Loup "We're doing a very determined adversary. I don't think it's wise to underestimate the political that is ahead." Charest among those is an electorate that is growing weary of watching campaign drag along at each other in an endless cycle, no matter how much the politicians are trying to build a new country—or hold together the one that already exists. □

Passionate politics

In one of a series of speeches it is broadcast on the Oct. 30 referendum, Radio-Québec, the provincially owned television network, recently assembled a group of prominent federalists and sovereigntists to debate the question.

The event, including Quebec deputy premier Bernard Landry and former provincial Liberal leader Claude Ryan, argued noisily, angrily, and heckled each other regularly. Then, when the broadcast ended, the group gathered spontaneously in small groups outside the studio to continue the debate. But the anger and rhetoric were gone: the same people who called



BACKSTAGE OTTAWA

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

are simple, according to the leaders the French language will disappear tomorrow, the federal government will eliminate all social programs and unemployment insurance, and 22 million Canadians outside the province will gather on Quebec's borders to witness their lifelong dream of humiliating Quebecers.

Most of the same rhetoric was present during the 1980 referendum campaign, but without the same bilious predictability. Then, Quebec's political elite showed past causes, tradition, and respect for each other. Pierre Trudeau and Camille Laurin, the urbanist/federalist Parti Québécois minister who brought in Quebec's toughest-ever language legislation, disagreed publicly on everything, but had warm personal relations extending back to their days in the 1950s working in lay Catholic reform movements.

Today, Quebec's political elite have much less in common, and little that they respect or like about each other. Premier Jacques Parson, who likes himself so much that he has little room left in his heart for others, is so stolid that supporters of several deputies standing still address him with the formal "vous." His no compromise, the chilly and aloof Liberal leader Daniel Johnson, has one serious problem in politics: he is not someone who describes himself as a liberal. "Almost nobody likes him," Landry, the vice-premier, is Quebec's outspokenest of the group. For him, a day without dissenting federalism would be a day without meaning. Bloc Quebecois leader Lucien Bouchard, who has spent more political parties than most Canadians can name, is the politician most beloved by Quebecers, although not by Parson, who is visibly uncomfortable around the man he needs the most. And Prime Minister Jean Chrétien debates sovereignty and what he calls "Quarantaine à l'infériorité"—short non-enthusiastic of the province's political elite.

Since few of Quebec's political leaders like each other enough to debate civilly, all of them seem to think the way to gain attention is to shout loudest, rudely, and often. The only hope for a lack of politeness is a public among ordinary Quebecers, the angrier their leaders get, the less likely they are to listen to them.



No such blue and red "Separatist" signs have dotted Montreal's streets, subway stations and city buses. The poster form part of a single-issue campaign reinforced by radio, television and television newspaper ads with a message that reading Yes on the ballot means choosing out of Canada.

On the Yes side, the path has been scattered—but last week it took on a distinctly English flavor. The nationalist St. Jean Baptiste Society of Montreal lobbed the first emotional ball by erecting a sign on their downtown building stating: "If nothing changes, French will be the minority in Montreal. Only a Yes will slow this decline." That message was repeated on the airwaves with radio spots featuring two well-known authors, Raymond Boudre and Guy Gauthier. Tremblay "Only a Yes will stop French from losing its place." Tremblay says in one ad: "Yes is a clear message. Montreal must remain a French city."

Despite that effort, the language issue did little more than anger. No angry messages took to the streets, nor did pro-sovereigntist signs and Quebec flags appear in the city's downtown and business. "That can reflect a growing attitude among francophone voters that French is less threatened than in previous years," said Daniel Sirois, a political scientist and vice-president of Concordia University's School of Community and Public Affairs in Montreal. "While language has always been a prominent issue in Quebec politics, there's now a general air of fatigue around it, and the explosiveness of the situation is not there any more." Strong language laws passed in the first Quebec election government starting in 1977 did much to alienate those that French was threatened. Sirois also noted that, even among sovereigntists, there is little agreement that voting Yes will truly protect the French language. "A majority lo-

The negative Yes

Sovereigntists play on fears as their campaign lags

ing the political ad campaign are to be believed, Quebecers are damned if they do and damned if they don't. Since mid-September, the federalist and "Separatist" signs have dotted Montreal's streets, subway stations and city buses. The poster form part of a single-issue campaign reinforced by radio, television and television newspaper ads with a message that reading Yes on the ballot means choosing out of Canada.

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gans. At a No rally in Montreal last week, Claude Gauthier, president of Canadian operators for Standard Life Assurance Co., advised of federalists not merely to defeat the sovereigntist movement, but to "crush" it. The Yes side jumped on the gossamer remark, which for many commentators carried as much weight as a powerful federalist government as posing as well on Quebec. "We refuse to allow ourselves to be crushed" shouted one ad, printed in bright green letters on the pages of the French-language edition. "We will be responsible!" In a rapid replaying of the same message, a voice yelled, "La 2000, nous ne sommes pas à la merci de la majorité!" In the referendum it is to accept being crushed."

For some observers, the willingness to exploit the remark made by Gauthier, a former Liberal candidate, may be a warning point in the Yes side's information campaign. Pierre Drouin, a sociology professor at the Université du Québec à Montréal, noted, "The Yes [side] had decided to try for a positive campaign. But in the last few days, they've renewed their ideas. There is a change in tone that you can see in the publicity."

But if either side wants to stop up its attacks, it will have to wait several days. Starting this week, when the official campaign gets under way, all advertising must come to a temporary halt. Under Quebec's referendum law, paid advertising is prohibited for the first eight days inclusive of a campaign. It can resume on the ninth day. In this case, Oct. 30, but only under the direction of the official Yes and No organizations. Those may only spend \$1 per centimeter of voter for all campaign expenses. That gives each side a total budget of about \$4.8 million.

When the campaign messages reappear next week, Drouin said, there is little chance that the Yes side will be any positive. But the Yes side seems bent on sounding an alarmist note, he said. "There's a sense that if you vote Yes or No, it will be a catastrophe." However, Drouin, who has studied voting patterns in Quebec elections but says campaigner best is usually to change the general direction of people's votes. "Public opinion is pretty much flat," he said. "In general, people decide very rapidly at the beginning of a campaign and their advertisements serve to reinforce the opinion people already have." Which means the ads in the last week or earlier, may not be enough to kick start the stalled Yes campaign.

LIZ WATKINS in Montreal



Martin in Montreal during speech

each other "racist" and "colonialist" insults earlier now charged colorful and exchanged smiles and best wishes.

We move to the upside-down world of the Quebec campaign, where leaders of the Québec No side use their worst behavior for public appearances, and their occasional best for the relative privacy of the real world. Such, though, such displays of mutual respect and homelike between federalists and sovereigntists are rare in a campaign that so far is the acerbic political equivalent of wet wrestling.

Consider the agonizing vision that both sides describe if they lose the referendum. A Yes vote. No leaders have suggested, will provoke economic catastrophe. The federalists, a vision where the Canadian dollar, the creation of new border wines and customs controls around Quebec, a sharp reduction in the size of

would mean living with huge federal budget cuts in areas like health care and social services, as well as a reduction in federal pensions—a three taken up in the House of Commons by Bloc Quebecois leader Lucien Bouchard. In contrast, the ads maintained, a Yes vote would bring lower unemployment rates, improved work conditions and new controls over immigration.

Beside those ads could be repeated, however, the Yes side found its emotional, single-word sensation of the referendum ties

Sign warning against threats to French in Montreal: code

Quebec's end of innocence

Twenty-five years later, the October Crisis still arouses deep emotions

BY JAMES STEWART

A quarter of a century has gone by, but in my mind I can still hear that television set crackling into urgent interruption in the St. Denis Street bar Quebec labor minister Pierre Laporte, announced an excited male voice, had been executed by the front de libération du Québec. His body stuffed into the trunk of a car on Montcalm's South Shore. A solitary drizzle, soaking the street, captured "Belle et le 70" (Demos 70).

Then, the bar became utterly silent. A pall of gloom descended on the room, and on much of Canada in the hours and days ahead as what became known as the October Crisis gripped the country seven years of FLQ bombings and Marxist hatred had come down to brutal murder and desecrated with a hail of across-the-board. Born later, in his memoirs, the retired Quebec premier, René Lévesque, described what it felt like: "Coming back late that night, skirting the dark little park near where the consulates stood, I saw threatening shadows everywhere," wrote Lévesque, who shared the FLQ's dedication to a sovereign Quebec but abhorred its violence and its halfhearted ideology.

Many of us saw those threatening shadows that night. It was not a cheerful time. The British trade contingents, James Cross, had been abducted from his Montreal home on Oct. 5, 1970, by four gunmen who told him: "We are the FLQ." Five days later another armed cell snatched the 49-year-old Laporte from the street in front of his home. The Quebec government had called on the aid of the Canadian army, and troops were in the streets. At 4 a.m. on Friday, Oct. 16, the federal cabinet, at the request of the Montreal and Quebec authorities, had proclaimed the War Measures Act, outlawing the FLQ and suspending basic civil liberties to curtail an "apprehended insurrection." But Saturday night in downtown Montreal as Oct. 17, 1970, was an usual lovely night. My wife, Lucie, and I and another couple had gone to the Theatre St. Denis to see *Donna Ferreira* on G, in which neglected herself take on the humanitarian task of surviving the services who come to their doors in a Montreal suburb. The film was sexy and funny and we were in a light mood afterward as we walked down the street to Le Veux Marché. The beer was good, but the crowds, the snuffies and part-timers and the so-much music didn't make for comfortable conversation. We walked back up the street into the plaza, just bar at the Hôtel Viger, and that's where we heard the first television report on Laporte's murder.

The club scene then. The bar was empty. There was nothing left to talk about. We drove home slowly. I stayed up most of the night watching CBC television, which was broadcasting live from Parliament Hill in Ottawa. I watched a cold



Soldiers on the streets of Montreal: the funeral of Pierre Laporte (left) and the funeral of James Cross (right)

eyed Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau denounce the "so-called association by a band of miscreants." Like Lévesque, I saw threatening shadows everywhere. Not personally threatening, of course, as it was for the hundreds of Quebecers on the FLQ's scattering list but of intellectuals, Anglos, capitalists, exploiters in government, business and the church. Nor was the FLQ itself

the only worry. Its radical members could bomb and kill people (beyond doubt), but the FLQ did not have the moral or physical strength to challenge elected authorities or to win mass support for violent revolution and an ill-imposed ideology only the blind or the deluded could swallow the FLQ's grotesque caricature of Quebecers as the oppressed and downtrodden of the earth.

So what exactly was the threat? For me, then and now, the personal, disturbing menace was the issue of barbarism let loose, the presence of a barbaric desire in the minds of society. The FLQ had chosen to attack without rules, and had thus given its attack more

powerful effect: it appeared a pandemonium for counterbalancing with their most exceptional rules, those reserved for war and national disaster. A society without rules, or governed by irregular rules, is vulnerable to every sort of abuse. And that was part of the threatening gloom that descended on Quebec the night Pierre Laporte was killed. The FLQ, far from being, even once, a class, achieving its revolutionary fantasies. Terrorist bombs and handily killed six people in the 1960s, but the promised 'waking' never happened, the threats to destroy all colonial (federal) institutions proved empty, the FLQ's "wakeup-command" never got around to eliminating all collaborators with the occupant and wiping out all the 40 institutions in Quebec. All this blustering and bluster was not externally condemned, as it should have been. As the FLQ paraded every old grievance and explained the club but still retained its syndrome of the Quebec-on-blancs-victim, it became fashionable to condemn the FLQ's economic role while depicting its means—as though the two could be separated.

That complexity created a heavy price. It kept a certain legitimacy in the FLQ, though most of that vanished in a flash with the kidnappings and murder. At that moment, it became not only possible, but desirable, to crush the FLQ by far means or legal, and that's what happened. Democratic authorities thrust aside democratic principles to create the outlawed group to society, giving 495 people under the War Measures Act with out warrant or charge. I do not put the aims of government on the FLQ. The government showed power, the FLQ showed humanity that the crimes of government tend to be repeated and the crimes of a group of misguided terrorists forgotten, fading into oblivion along with their ideological notions—Marx, Mao, Maoists, Panton and Che. Cross was released on Dec. 4, 1970, after 50 days of captivity, in exchange for five people to Cuba for his kidnappers whom police had tracked to a house in northwest Montreal. Three days later, Laporte's killers were noted out of a bunker in a South Shore farm house. They all served time for the murder from seven to 12 years, but all were released by 1982 to continue their lives in freedom.

Nowadays, when the October Crisis is remembered at all, the proclamation of the War Measures Act and the suspension of civil liberties are often seen, especially in nationalist circles, as a greater evil than the FLQ. Commentators refer to the "darkness" of Quebec in 1970. The Canadian army had marched in against the will of Quebecers, instead of in aid of Canadian citizens.

In national mythology, it became another "harmful" of Quebec, feeding separatists and effuscators and helping to bring the Parti Québécois to power in 1976. Gradually many Quebecers began to feel that notion of the FLQ and fell into their own comfortable political position. The FLQ, in the interim, of the 1960s, Quebec nationalists, not the terrorists, were responsible for this revisionist history. The terrorists achieved nothing on their own, except perhaps to prove the widespread truth that violence is not a shortcut to anything. But for a brief time, they aggravated Quebec's overcast sense of grievance, knocked the province off its civil course and provoked generations to come. All I think was an approved, competent government, and a few mild arguments with named minds and temperance in their hearts. □

FAME—AND INFAMY

The October Crisis introduced a cast of characters—including kidnappers, victims and lawyers—to the Canadian public. A look at what happened to some of them:



James Cross, who turned 74 on Sept. 23, moved from the British department of energy in 1980 and now lives with his wife, Barbara, near the English coast town of Lymington. He spends his time playing bridge, gardening and reading—and refuses to discuss the October Crisis.

His kidnappers, members of the front de libération du Québec, were granted safe passage to Cuba by the federal government in exchange for releasing Cross unharmed on Dec. 4, 1970. All came back to Quebec after the election of a Parti Québécois government in 1976 and served brief prison terms. Jacques Cossette-Trail, and his wife, Louise, both 47, returned first, in December, 1975. They were sentenced to two years in prison, but were released after eight months. Jacques Lamoignon, 40, Louise Cossette-Trail's brother, arrived a month after and served one year of a three-year term. He now runs a publishing firm, VUE Editor in Montreal.



Marc Gauthier, 41, remained abroad until 1981 and received a 20-month sentence on his return. The last to return to Quebec was Yves Lamoignon, 48, in 1980. He served less than a year of his two-year sentence.

The four members of the Chénier Cell who abducted and murdered Pierre Laporte received far harsher sentences. Even Jacques Rose, 45, convicted of the lesser charge of complicity after the fact in the kidnapping, was given eight years. He was paroled in 1979, the same year as Bernard Leroy, 44, who had been sentenced to 20 years for kidnapping. Francis Béliveau, 48, sentenced to life for murder, was released in 1980. He is now a brewmaster in Nova Scotia. Quia Paul Rose, Jacques's brother, now a 50-year-old writer for a leftist magazine in Montreal, was the last to emerge from prison. Sentenced to 10 years for kidnapping, he was released in 1980 after serving 12 years. In 1984, he tried to run as an NDP candidate in the Quebec election, but could not because of a law banning convicted felons from sitting in the national assembly.



Paul Rose, 47, is now a brewmaster in Nova Scotia. He defended many FLQ terrorists. In 1966, he defended a man charged with defacing bilingual signs in west-end Montreal by spray-painting them with slogans in support of French-only language laws. Pierre Villeneuve, now 57, provided the main ideological inspiration for the FLQ in 1966 books. He suffered a stroke in 1980 and spent four years in prison for his involvement in the 1967 bombing campaign. He edits a labor magazine, *Le Quotidien (Workers' Life)*, in Montreal. In the 1980s, he worked as a spokesman for gay liberation in Quebec.

Robert Lemieux, 54, is a lawyer who defended many FLQ terrorists. In 1966, he defended a man charged with defacing bilingual signs in west-end Montreal by spray-painting them with slogans in support of French-only language laws. Pierre Villeneuve, now 57, provided the main ideological inspiration for the FLQ in 1966 books. He suffered a stroke in 1980 and spent four years in prison for his involvement in the 1967 bombing campaign. He edits a labor magazine, *Le Quotidien (Workers' Life)*, in Montreal. In the 1980s, he worked as a spokesman for gay liberation in Quebec.

BRAD EITHANE

James Stewart, 66, is an Ottawa Quebec journalist. He was senior political reporter for The Montreal Star during the October Crisis and is the author of *The 1970 Seven Years of Terrorism*, published in December 1993.

Opening shots in the Harrirevolution

As the crowd of 5,000 angry demonstrators pushed towards the three doors of the Ontario legislature last week, Allan Rockwood decided to stage a gentler protest. He pulled a knot of bread from under his towel jacket—a gift, Rockwood said, for Premier Mike Harris, whose budget cuts he claimed, will "take food from the mouths of children." But many people around Rockwood, who is on welfare, were in an uglier mood and within seconds they had toppled police barricades and were trying to smash through the doors. It took a rushing police in force to subdue the protesters. And before a fourth throat ultimately forced the evacuation of the legislature, the 41st new Conservative government had just enough time to lay out one of the most radical social agendas in the country's history. Harris promised not only to go ahead with cuts in welfare payments averaging 21.6 per cent effective Oct. 1, but to also slash provincial income tax rates by 30 per cent. And the province was entitled by the new act to bestow his of his welfare. "These are not the people who elected us to office."

On that point, at least, he was undoubtedly right. Many of the protesters were social activists and trade unionists. But hundreds of poor and disadvantaged people were there simply because they lost their future under Harris's government, which won a 58-seat majority on June 8 on a pledge to reverse the belated drift of government policy under the previous administration of NDP premier Bob Rae. As she held her daughter Brennae, 3, Linda Page, a single mother on welfare, said that, if the cuts go through, she will be left with just \$50 a month for food at her near and other expenses. She wondered how she will make ends meet in the coming weeks. Nearby, Doug Paulsen, who is disabled and in a wheelchair, said he came to protest on behalf of people too badly handicapped to attend. "We're worried," he said. "We don't want to lose our benefits." And as he leaned on his cane listening to the speeches, Dan Malachuk was worried. His was injured in a construction accident 11 years ago and worried the fear that his monthly compensation cheque will be cut 20 per cent of it," said Malachuk. "This is the day that Harris declared on us."

While hardly a declaration of war, the provincial government's speech from the throne did restate much of its so-called Centennial Social Revolution—the conservative checklist of changes on which Harris successfully campaigned. The program, uninterrupted by a promised 30-per-cent cut in provincial income tax rates, calls for unleashing many social programs built up by Liberal and New Democratic governments over



Despite heated protests, the new premier of Ontario sticks to his plan to slash spending

the past 20 years. In addition to slashing welfare payments, the Tories repudiated their determination to require most welfare recipients—aside from the disabled and single parents of young children—to take part in a new workfare program. As a condition of receiving their cheques, they will have to report in remaining programs or perform community service such as working on a school crossing guard. All the same time, the government said it will cut a number of times as businesses, including the employer health tax. It will also reduce workers' compensation payments and repeal \$66.48, legislation introduced by the government that forbids employers from using replacement workers during strikes. "The revolution has begun," Harris told reporters later. "We will not quit until Ontario is back on top."

Harris's right-wing revolution came to

Ontario's spending and balance its budget, much as other provinces such as Alberta, Saskatchewan and New Brunswick have already done. To start, Ontario will cut \$1.9 billion in provincial spending to the current fiscal year, to a total of \$20.1 billion, with most of that money coming from the cuts to welfare. Harris said he is determined to erase the province's \$8.7-billion budget deficit by 2000-2001, by using more than \$6 billion in additional government spending and eliminating 14,600 civil service jobs over the next five years. "It's not easy to take things away," said Harris. "But there are no dollars left to pay for these programs."

Harris will likely face more angry protests, as did Alberta Premier Ralph Klein after he introduced the first of his own budget cuts in 1993. Nelson Wiseman, a professor of political science at the University of Toronto, said

protest," said Wiseman. "A lot of people will say, 'Let's give the Conservatives a chance'."

But unlike Klein, who all but drew Harris in taking a major gamble by promising to dramatically reduce taxes while making deep budget cuts. The premier said he hopes to offset the resulting drop in government revenue by stimulating job creation in the private sector. As more people get jobs, he said, the more taxes the government will receive. To boost hiring, Harris pledged to cut company health and pension costs by the first \$600,000 in company earnings. He also promised to lower employer's costs by cutting the compensation premium that firms must make on behalf of their workers by the first \$600,000 in company earnings. Harris said that any losses from lower taxes that firms will be phased in over the next three years. Once fully implemented, according to government figures, such a cut would give a person earning \$75,000 almost \$3,000 in additional take-home pay. That money, Harris argued, will create jobs which taxpayers spend it.

Protesters storm Queen's Park (left): Harris in the legislature (below center). 'The revolution has begun.' We will not quit until Ontario is back on top.



the throne speech clearly indicates that Harris is closely following Klein's strategy, which involved making cuts in so many areas, that to so many people at once, that his opponents were caught off balance. The plan, said Wiseman, is "to let them only hit us then hard." And he suggested that Harris was likely pleased by the unruly protest because many interest groups were shown trying to violently disrupt a legislative program of a political party that nearly half of Ontario voters endorsed only three months ago. "The government was probably cheered by what hap-

pened," said Wiseman. "It's also unclear whether Harris also intends to cut health care. During the election campaign, he said he would freeze spending in that sector for five years. Last week, however, Harris said he would restrict spending, but would not reduce Ontario's overall health budget of \$12.1 billion. But even before Harris revealed his assurance, the Metropolitan Toronto District Health Council, the agency that oversees the operation of the region's 42 hospitals, recommended that the province close 12 hospitals—excluding large teaching institutions such as Women's College

Hospital and Wilkesby Hospital. In a 289-page report, the council, which has been exploring ways to cope with declining health-care funding in Ontario since 1994, said the closures would cost 2,500 people their jobs but would save \$1.1 billion by 2001. Harris's conservative agenda contrasts to other areas, as well as his government's promise to introduce a victim's bill of rights, which would formally bring the victims of crime directly into the judicial process.

The controversy outside the legislature suggested that Harris could be literally felled over the next few years. Immediately following the throne speech, Syd Ryan, Ontario president of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, accused Harris of trying to turn Ontario into a "right-to-work" state like some southern U.S. states that are known for low wages and tough anti-union legislation. "It's as much on the working people of Ontario," he charged. And child welfare advocates warned that the province's 300,000 single-parent families will be badly hurt by the reductions in welfare payments. After Oct. 1, a welfare parent with one child will have her benefits slashed from \$1,210 to \$950 a month. Social Services Minister David Tuckwell urged welfare recipients to make up the shortfall by finding part-time work. But Linda Page, the hundreds of other single mothers, said she would like to work, but does not have enough money to pay someone to care for her child while she is away from home.

In addition to receiving less money, abandoned welfare recipients will also be forced to work for their cheques. While Tuckwell said the government has not set a date for introducing workfare, he said that with the exception of single parents with children, virtually everyone else on welfare will be forced to work or take training courses. Harris noted that welfare is part of the government's strategy to get people off welfare, but many of those on social assistance wondered how it will help. Dan Coleman, a computer technician in Toronto who has been unemployed since 1984 and is now on welfare, said he has been unable to find work. "I am not able to get a job anywhere," said Coleman. "Now, I can't even find food."

In the short run, at least, the dozens of groups so vocally opposed to Harris will almost certainly not be able to defeat his government from its agenda. In the end, said Nelson Wiseman of the University of Toronto, the more serious threat to the premier may come from within his own party. Wiseman said that if Harris's economic plan fails to produce jobs and reduce the deficit, while undermining the province's social services, Conservatives who are not confident in his leadership may turn on him. "This is a gamble," said Wiseman. "The party could angle." In the meantime, demonstrators will likely become a common sight outside Ontario's legislature.

BOB FENNEL

Running for a crown of thorns

Four candidates vie to lead the federal NDP out of the political wilderness

BY WARREN CARAGATA

The last time New Democrats chose a federal leader, my back in 1986, things were very different. The party had a record 45 MPs and had just picked Audrey McLaughlin as the first woman to lead a major national party. Within months, the NDP in Ontario under Bob Rae took power, giving the party its long hoped-for breakthrough in Canada's most populous province. In the glow of that triumph, the national party tapped the polls in the first months of 1991, and later that year came gratifying victories in Saskatchewan and British Columbia. With more than half of Canadians living in provinces governed by the NDP, it seemed that the New Democrats had found the old-style politics.

But as the NDP prepares to elect a new national leader at an Ottawa convention on Oct. 14, it appears that the New Democrats have once again been postponed by a bitter struggle in the political wilderness. The party that the best leadership candidates—Manitoba's MP Sverre Robeson, former Saskatchewan MP Lennox Nyabenda, former New Scotia NDP leader Alexa McDonough and Vancouver author Bertinell Hardie—are seeking to head has been reduced to a parliamentary rump of nine seats without official status in the House of Commons. Bob Rae is now a former premier, and Harcourt's government faces an uphill battle for re-election. Only Robeson has won a second term, but he heads a government challenged by critics within the NDP as a liberal regime by a different name. Even the candidates seeking the national leadership did not pretend that it is a bonny of future hope. As Nyabenda said at an all-candidates debate last week at the party's Regina headquarters: "If we don't get it right, if we don't focus on jobs, the environment, debt and defence, we're not going to come back."

The delegates who will gather in

Ottawa have a clear choice to make about the party's future direction. That choice was on full display last week at debates in Regina and in other Prairie centres including Saskatoon and Winnipeg. For a party that has prided itself on stressing policy over personality, it was obvious that the two front-runners, Robeson and Nyabenda, have scored respect for each other despite a 14-year association in the federal caucus. With a history of high-profile support for controversial causes, Robeson promotes a far-leftist media-savvy march to the left. Nyabenda represents the more cautious, moderate approach that comes with his Saskatchewan roots. The middle ground in a

Robeson: a postmaster march to the left

Working together
Equality and justice



McDonough (right) with singer Holly Cole at a food-raising event last week: making out the middle ground

political movement that may be in no mood to claim it has been snubbed out by McDonough, who carries the attraction of many party activists for 14 years of valiant but unsuccessful battle as leader of the New South NDP. Another and sometimes Hardie, meanwhile, has won more sympathy than votes in a series of on U.S.-style pressures of their respective based and the other sponsored by organized labor groups—held before the Ottawa convention.

In order to be included on the convention ballot, a candidate must win at least one of the primaries—or take at least 15 per cent of the total vote. Convention delegates, however, will be free to vote as they wish. With the benefit of a well-timed and highly organized campaign, Robeson won the sparsely attended Quebec primary, held Aug. 27 to Sept. 2, came a surprising second behind Nyabenda in the labor vote, won Ontario and came second behind McDonough in the Atlantic. His organizers hoped that his biggest victory would come this week when the British Columbia results are announced on Oct. 2 that will leave the vote-rich Prairies to be counted eight days later. With 48 per cent of the party membership of 38,500, Prairie ridings can send a fifth of the 2,350 eligible delegates to the convention—more than Ontario. That is Nyabenda's home turf and he must win a big enough victory in the Prairie primary to successfully challenge Robeson and build enough momentum

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from incorporating information without attribution into its own report, which renewed the deal for its appearance of impartiality, economic facts, and political maneuvering.

Ironically, details of the cabinet document are well known in Ottawa, where Ottawa Citizen columnist Greg Weston obtained it and published it in the newspaper in September, 1993. Last week, the Senate committee demanded that Winston turn over the documents, or face being subpoenaed. The newspaper declined to comply.

According to Weston's original report, the secret document contradicts Terry promises that taxpayers would be better off if the government owned the Toronto airport to private developers. Instead, it says that Ottawa would actually forfeit "tens of millions of dollars a year" in net profits. And despite federal policy stating that major airports should be turned over to local non-profit businesses, the document also states that "there was no consideration" given to anyone but developers—in this case, the last-minute consortium formed by the merger of Papageorgiou Inc., led by former Terry party president Don Matthews, and the second-place bidder, Claridge Holdings Inc., controlled by Liberal Charles Brindley.

For the time being, taxpayers remain caught between two highly partisan versions of the proposed privatization. Backed by the Conservatives, proponents claim that the 57-year contract would have generated \$7.5 billion in net and \$3.4 billion in taxes for the government. Nason countered that as a independent appraisal of its terms indicated it "was inherently generous to investors."

The political fallout from the controversy is equally significant. By using their Senate majority to force the inquiry, the Tories may have opened wounds the party was desperate to heal. For instance, Canadians heard last week that former prime minister Brian Mulroney intervened in negotiations with a request to Glen Shortliffe, then Clerk of the Privy Council, that Claridge get "a piece of the action," a month before the winning bid was announced. At the same time, Nason's admission that he had ignored or downplayed key players who favored privatizing Pearson during his investigation raised serious questions about the Liberal government's motives for cancelling the contract—a decision that may ultimately cost taxpayers between \$500 million and \$3 billion in damages to developers. In fact, far from resolving the issue, the Senate hearings, which resume on Oct. 14, threaten to further diminish the already tarnished reputation of the Upper Chamber—as well as the two parties that dominate it.

Nason: the deal was 'inordinately generous'

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E. KYLE PURDON in Ottawa

Political stalemate

The Pearson inquiry slings mud on both sides

During a 30-day investigation of the ill-fated deal to privatize Toronto's Pearson International Airport in September, 1993, former Ontario Liberal leader Robert Nason conducted himself in the same grand, unadorned style that made him a political folk hero in Brant County for more than 25 years. In fact, as Nason recounted at a Senate hearing last week, he went out of his way to meet with 35 angry residents living near the airport, even though their complaints about noise pollution had little to do with his inquiry. That relaxed approach had obvious shortcomings: The "Toronto story" Nason cited among the 35 organizations and groups he consulted, for instance, were all Liberals. Conservatives by their absence on Nason's list were more than 33 key public officials and private developers who stitched together the \$350-million contract that the federal Liberal government later cancelled, on his advice.

As for notes made by his conversation during the whirlwind review, "Notes?" said Nason as he appeared before the senators last week. "I don't take notes."

The relaxed style of a veteran politician may in part explain why Canadians were no closer last week to learning the full story behind the controversial deal to privatize two terminals of the country's busiest and most lucrative airport. Up until last week most of the evidence presented during two months of testimony before the Conservative-dominated Senate committee appeared to support

ate Nason's conclusion that the deal with the Pearson Development Corp., finished during the closing days of the former Conservative government, was "a flawed process under the shadow of possible political manipulation." But attempts by Conservative senators to portray the privatization scheme as a "wasteful circus" deal were nudged last week with the astonishing discovery that Nason based much of his criticism on material that the former Terry cabinet would have before it approved the Pearson deal in August, 1990: a 206-page evaluation prepared by Treasury Board officials that suggested it indeed favored the developers, at the expense of taxpayers and travellers.

According to Nason's legal adviser, Toronto lawyer Stephen Gaudin, the secret report was "mistakenly" included among some 200,000 pages of documents gathered by public servants and delivered to Nason in large cardboard boxes shortly after Prime Minister Jean Chrétien appointed his old friend to head the review committee for the Liberals during the 1987 federal election campaign. Nason, who signed an oath of confidentiality that protects sensitive cabinet material, is prohibited by law from either relinquishing the report or divulging its contents. But that did not stop the Nason team



Nason: the deal was 'inordinately generous'

Wall to Wall Coverage

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CANADA

'Like being stoned'

A 'grieving' father is accused of brutal murders

When Dean Roberts's twin 15-month-old sons, David and Joshua, were murdered along with their mother, Susan, in July, 1994, Roberts's hometown of Cranbrook, B.C., reeled in his tale. Concerned neighbors delivered gifts of food, arranged to pick up out-of-town relatives for the funeral and helped to remove Roberts's furniture from his town house, which had been torched during the crime. Mourners packed the sweltering Cranbrook Christian Church for a revival-style memorial, singing with uplifted arms and singing hymns as Pastor Alex Campbell strummed his guitar. Then, as Roberts's sole surviving son, three-year-old Jonathan, sat on his father's knee as the front row, Campbell read a letter that Roberts had written to his 24-year-old wife. "I love you Sue, my darling, my life," wrote the construction worker. "If there was any way to know what was going to happen, I would have loved you out, and taken your place instead." Those months after he penned that note, residents in Cranbrook, a tightly knit community of 17,000 in south-eastern British Columbia, reeled with shock and dismay as police charged Roberts with three counts of first-degree murder related to the death of his wife and sons.

Following his arrest, many of Roberts's family and friends continued to support him. After his initial court appearance, Susan Roberts's mother, Joyce Hall, and Susan's brothers, Rick and Doug Robinson, stood as a corner outside the Cranbrook court house, blowing kisses and gesturing support as a sheriff's van carried Roberts back to prison. Roberts's father, Don Miller, said Roberts was the accused man was "so sad he won't even let you step on a caterpillar." But as Roberts's first-degree murder trial opened last week in Penticton, B.C., 200 km west of Cranbrook, Crown prosecutor Scott Van Alstine painted a much darker portrait of the 29-year-old defendant, who has pleaded not guilty to all three murder charges. In his opening address to the jury, Van Alstine quoted extensively from tape-recorded conversations that he said took place between Roberts and undercover officers in September, 1994. On tape, and

Van Alstine, Roberts spoke of how he despised his wife and what he called the family's "Little House on the Prairie life." He also boasted of how he strangled his wife and tried to kill all three of their children. "The biggest was like being stoned," he said, "above and beyond any kind of drug."

According to Van Alstine, Roberts told the officers—who posed as organized crime figures—that he had taken out a \$200,000 insurance policy on his wife's life six months before the killings. Then, on the evening of July 18, 1994, after cleaning up the supper dishes, he gave Susan a back rub on the couple's bed and, as Roberts recalled, "in



Roberts accused of killing his wife and sons

the process of giving her the massage, I discovered a rope underneath her neck and double knotted it and put my knee into the back of her head." After strangling his wife, Roberts told the officers, he went down the hall to where the twins were sleeping. Roberts said he strangled Joshua, but left David in his crib as he set the house afire. He said that he thought the fire would kill the remaining two children. In fact, David died from smoke inhalation but neighbors managed to rescue Jonathan.

Van Alstine and the tapes—which the jury will hear in their entirety later in the trial—also show Roberts discussing the prospect of murdering his parents and surviving son. Only then, Roberts explains, could he "start a new life somewhere else."

ANNE TARRIES in Penticton

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Canada NOTES



VOICES OF THE VICTIMS: Federal Justice Minister Allan Rock (left) and Steve Carper address a victim-of-violence rally on Parliament Hill. Carper, whose 25-year-old daughter, Melanie, was murdered in Surrey, B.C., in January, urged MPs to take a tougher stand against criminals.

Seaplane tragedy

Eight people died after a single-engine Turbo Otter seaplane crashed while trying to make an emergency landing 15 km west of the northern Vancouver Island community of Campbell River. The plane was returning home with a crew of loggers from a minor case in British Columbia's north coast mainland when it lost radio contact with flight controllers and crashed into a wooded hillside. The plane's wings, tail and sea floats were sheered off by trees, and the battered fuselage ended up on its side with the cabin inside. But in what authorities described as something of a miracle, two of the passengers—Charlotte Pfister and Len Brown, both of Campbell River—survived the crash.

After visiting his ex-wife in the hospital, Bruce Pfister said the plane apparently got lost in the fog shortly before it crashed. "She

said [the pilot] tried to bank the plane upward, but the fog was so heavy he just couldn't see a thing," said Pfister. The searoom's son, Jason Pfister, said his mother may have been saved when she was thrown clear of the wreckage. Rescuers said that they found Pfister wandering through the forest near the crash site in a state of shock.

Native sovereignty

Richard Kallgren, chief of the Sturgeon First Nation, declared his band's sovereignty over the waters of Ontario's Bruce Peninsula, which separates Lake Huron and Georgian Bay. Kallgren, who said the band's jurisdiction covers about 300 km of shoreline up to 11 km out into the lake, maintained that the Sturgeon never relinquished its rights to the waters. University of Toronto law professor Craig Scott said they "have an incredibly good basis for asserting their sovereignty."

GRIZZLY ATTACK

A seemingly underweight grizzly bear and her cub went on an early-morning rampage through a campground at Lake Louise, Alta., ripping open tents and mauling six foreign tourists. "I thought I was going to die," said Gwene Harford, 32, of Melbourne, Australia, who suffered two severe bites on his left leg and others on his arm and abdomen. Warriors at Banff National Park later trapped and destroyed the grizzly and her cub.

ACQUITTED OF FRAUD

Former Saskatchewan cabinet minister Lorne Kopschick was acquitted on a charge of fraud under \$5,000 for allegedly using his communications allowance as an MP to buy a portable public address system. Kopschick's lawyer, Orest Rozewski, had argued that his client—one of 11 former and current Saskatchewan Conservative MPs charged with ensuring public money—was "a dupe" who had no idea that a false invoice would be used to pay for the system. The Crown was considering an appeal.

A CANCER EPIDEMIC?

A study published in the Canadian Journal of Public Health said that cases of prostate cancer among Canadian men are projected to almost triple over the next 30 years. The study states that part of the expected increase is due to an aging population, part is due to improved methods of detecting the disease, and part is a mysterious increase related to environmental pollutants in the environment.

HEADING SOUTH

Former Yukon government leader Tony Penikett has been hired as a full-time advisor to the Saskatchewan cabinet, effective Oct. 2. In announcing the appointment to the \$78,000-a-year job, Premier Roy Romanow lauded Penikett's expertise in "areas of political consultations, public affairs and constitutional issues." Penikett has served as an MP member of the Yukon legislature since 1976.

MENTALLY COMPETENT

Bruce Clark, the controversial Ottawa-based lawyer who represented several natives involved in the recent 31-day armed standoff at Gustafsen Lake, B.C., was released from custody after psychiatric tests determined that he does not have a mental disorder. Clark was cited for contempt of court and sent for psychiatric evaluation after he shouted accusations and obscenities at a provincial court judge in 700 Mile House, B.C.



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A crusader for compassion



Flamboyant fossil hunter Richard Leakey takes on Kenya's power elite

There is nothing out of the ordinary about a politician mixing history for an anecdote, searching, perhaps, for a whisp of ancient evidence to make a point. But digging back two million years?

It works if the speaker is Richard Leakey, who long before he became Kenya's most controversial politician enjoyed a celebrated international reputation as a paleontologist, scavenging for fossils throughout East Africa in search of man's origins. On this frosty September morning, Leakey has been invited to a posh country-club resort on the outskirts of Nairobi to speak about Kenya's fossils, not the country's current rough and tumble politics. But he can't resist drawing connections across the ages.

"The fossil record shows very good evidence that man distinguished himself from

other species by his capacity for compassion, mercy and care," says Leakey to his visibly awed audience of two dozen American tourists who have just arrived for a holiday in Kenya and who, to a person, are wearing brand-new safari vests. Leakey tells them how fossils of early man reveal Leakey did better than had been set to help—evidence that care for others emerged as a survival technique more than a selfish

years ago. This entrenched compassion, Leakey argues, is the substance in his clipped accent, in enduring evidence that there is hope for man in troubled times.

These easy surroundings are not on Leakey's usual itinerary. "I normally try to stay out of the despoliation of Nairobi," he says with a mischievous smile to a waiter as he garnish over lunch and barbeque and a waiter glides up to pour coffee into three

cups. The most recent Kenyan visit is invited upon only by a groundkeeper pushing a lawn mower as he shows the practice putting greens to an acceptable standard. This is the Kenya of the wealthy, the expatriate Europeans and the tourists, and although Leakey has lived in Nairobi for all his 50 years, he says it is the first time he has ever set foot inside the club. Like Leakey, his equally famous anthropologist father, who died in 1972, Leakey is Kenyan-born, speaks Swahili, and seeks to distance himself and his politics from the former British colony's usual but persistent white community. "The Leakeys have never been all that welcome among Nairobi's whites," says one family friend a few days later. "They were always regarded as being sort of one-way too African."

But that assessment carries as weight with the target of Leakey's forceful public speech, the unpopular mid-level Kenyan readily acknowledges—increasingly cor-

rupt 17-year-old government of President Daniel arap Moi and his KANU party. KANU officials greeted Leakey's participation last May as the launch of a new political party called Setiba (which means Arise in Swahili) with apocalyptic An Sothen's secretary general, Leakey is unlikely to lead the new party that he brings flamboyant media skills and anti-corruption credentials as the party struggles to organize in time for 1991 elections.

The 70-year-old Moi, who still lives the hustings, showed up at rally after rally over the summer to denounce Leakey as a "racist," a "colonialist" and an "affair" who would find it "extremely difficult to relate to God-fearing Kenyans." In August, a mob of KANU supporters descended upon a meeting between Leakey and journalists, beating

and whipping them all. Neither Leakey nor the journalists were severely hurt, but the raw tactics were a public relations disaster for Moi's government—in later beyond Kenya's borders. Leakey is a revered figure in the West, especially for his other claim to fame as the man who helped galvanize support for an international story last in 1980, thereby saving Kenya's endangered elephants from extinction as the hands of poachers. He is also an easy physical target, images of pro-government thugs whacking a man who lost both legs in a small plane crash two years ago and who is now in his 10th year living as a transplanted Leakey were barely bright to a country as dependent as Kenya on foreign largesse for aid, investment and tourists.

But the government's panic shows how much officials fear his challenge to their power. Leakey has incited the glare of international publicity on the corruption maddening this country of 20 million people, from a ruling elite with its eyes fixed on backhands down to beat cops and barroom cronies by bribes. "The people of this country are sick to death of being robbed to death," Leakey told *Mailine* in his sparsely run Nairobi office, his bare walls decorated only by a photograph of two bull elephants colliding head on in an explosion of dust. "The situation in Kenya has deteriorated further than a lot of people outside believe."

Over it all, of course, hangs the spectre of the chaos that has ravaged neighboring

land, says Leakey. He has entered politics, he wants, to help stop the downward spiral before the descent has begun. For 100, it has been worse. "In truth, such has late, duly neglected in its action."

The Hon. Wilton Njiru Njiru, KANU's minister of local government, anti-apartheid spokesman for the Mau Mau people and spokesperson for the Mau Mau people has a willing mass of prisoners and three phones in his office slating off the book. He suggests the intrusion, taking time to deal with a local reporter who calls to ask about a murder the day before Mau Mau people taking part in a traditional rite of passage in the northeastern city of Nairobi had clashed with police, before sparring and clanking to death a father and father of 13 who happened upon the scene. Njiru is Njiru's power base, and he often employs the Mau Mau as a sort of protective guard. He acknowledges in cases that he encourages the violence. "Oh, we're always the aggressors," he answers the reporter sarcastically, his hand thrown back baring a gap toothed smile. "Yes, I know they killed him," he says indignantly. "But they were provoked."

Despite his willingness to stir Kenya's volatile tribal pot, Njiru is regarded as the most effective defender the Mau Mau have ever had. Once largely nomadic, the Mau were pushed off the best grazing lands, first by European settlers in the late-19th century and, after independence in 1963, by the Kikuyu, Kenya's wealthiest indigenous tribe. The Mau are now scattered over the Mau region near the Tanzanian border, an area that treats with wildlife and, by extension, threatens century-old tourism. That struggle for control of the Mau's riches is what led Njiru and Leakey to start Mau.

As director of the Kenya Wildlife Service, Leakey regarded the Mau as a natural ally and wanted in revenue to benefit the whole country. Njiru (who also happens to own a share of a lucrative cement company in Mau) argued that the profits belonged to the Mau. So Njiru began a campaign to convince the Mau and other Kenyans that Leakey himself would aver group, a line of attack that became more convincing as the Mau poaching declined, and the stakes they could be more honest. Mau groups were ravaged, their cattle killed and dozens of Mau Mau members trampled to death. The power struggle took five years to play out, but Njiru prevailed. When Mau sided with the Mau Mau, Leakey's policy reversed. "I consider Leakey to be a racketeer in a



ON ASSIGNMENT
BRUCE WALLACE
IN NAIROBI



way," says Ntamsami between sobs. "He would not be a player in any situation where there is no money. He's got big concerns overseas, and that's what scares a few people in my party—he will have too much money in a country where there is too much poverty, and he might be able to buy power."

"Ntamsami" is Lesley's response to the suggestion that Sefu can—or would try to—buy votes. "No one can outpace a government which can just print money!" But he agrees that Moi and the estate around him lost his clout with Western governments and international donors. That power was displayed in July when Secretary Lynda Chalker, Britain's minister for overseas development, who also happens to be a friend of Lesley, stopped Ntamsami and lambasted the government's record on economic and human-rights abuses. She then drew \$24.5 million in aid. A human rights list back that Chalker was "just a woman" acting like a "hardypanther headmistress." But the attack, coming from the minister of a country that Kenya reports as their special partner, gave Moi a bitter taste of the West's leverage over his government.

Foreign donors are clearly worried about corruption. The most notorious scandal involved a scheme whereby almost \$500 million was allegedly siphoned from government coffers by high-ranking officials under a compensation scheme for gold and diamond exports. Kenya has little gold and no diamond deposits. "We would not like to see a situation where we disburse money to one pocket with this gets out through the

other," a senior International Monetary Fund official told the Kenyan government last month while looking up \$270 million in aid.

There are those in Kenya who argue that the corruption, while unscrupulous on the surface, is not as harmful to the country as Westerners maintain. "The establishment in Kenya is very small, and you don't always want to know people got there," admitted one Kenyan who worked for Moi. "But the great individuals in the West have their skeletons too. The people getting rich here are the future. Corruption, blackbribery and Kenyan-style of Kenya. We are seeing the local financial empire created and—with the old tape—the money flows back out into the economy."

Moi's critics agree to the suggestion that all Kenyans benefit from the dominance of a few. "The ruling group here is not charitable at all," says Wily Mutunga, a lawyer educated at Toronto's Osgoode Hall who formerly directed Kenya's Law Society. "They are people who just take and take, and the money disappears. They don't realize that the days



of the Cold War—when you could get away with that sort of stuff as long as the other—was over."

It is one of the nights that fulfills tourist members for the exotic romance of Africa, thousands of whiteflies filling the air as they cluster on the petals of the flowers in the garden at Tsavo's Serengeti park during September's dry season.

Viewed from Kenya the wilderness seems to have no the human, black, speckled dancing across the huge sky like a swarm of pots. And to the local Maasai, farmers, the wilderness and their traveling companions, the abomas, are just that: destructive vermin that compete with their beloved cattle for grazing space. "We should get all the money from the tourists," and scolding Maasai elder Joseph Laila, 50, whose compound is home besides a wildlife park just outside Nairobi. "It is our livelihood which suffer and the because of Lesley's actions."

For better and for worse, wildlife in Kenya has become synonymous with Lesley Moi and wildlife have waged a bloody war for a space and survival in Africa for centuries. But as Kenya's human population explodes (almost half the country is now under the

age of 15) and more land disappears under the plow or the concrete sprawl of cities, never has the competition been as great. "When you have large farms cutting across migratory routes, of course you have more conflict," explains Nicholas Butts, director of the East African Wild Life Society.

Lesley has become the anti-landscape for those who argue that the country's fight to save wildlife has benefited rich visiting Westerners at the expense of poor Kenyans. But when he took over the wildlife service in 1986, the peril was the growing disappearance of wildlife, notably elephants. Kenya's elephants had suffered a near-apocalyptic decline in the previous 15 years, from about 160,000 to a mere tenth of that

amount for that purpose in Africa. It was almost like Camelot in those days. King Richard and his Roundtable," recalled one friend of the early wilderness at the wildlife service. Lesley outlined the wildlife service in military uniforms, wore his uniform and took visitors from the staff to inspect the place. Whoever he had a crisis with a rival such as a cabinet minister hoping to kill all part of one national park or run an oil pipeline through another, Lesley used his special access to Moi to get him out.

But his style left a wealth of resentment behind. "Richard did not save the elephants," scolded David Western, a Tharaka-born scientist who succeeded Lesley as director of the wildlife service, and had to

Kenya and their exotic species if the huge revenues from tourism reached the pockets of ordinary Kenyans. That is where the wildlife conservation, too, falls victim to Kenya's endemic corruption. Saps consumed at Nairobi's Wilson park, hear that tourists brought in millions of dollars, but they see that most of the money went to a few Asian companies or a few powerful people, all that is left is bitterness.

Lesley's plume-like politics poses in arranging quotas for post-colonial Africa: can a white man, even one who is third-generation African, wield political power in countries so scarred by the age of European conquest? "We would be angry if this thing called color just disappeared," says Ntamsami.

"Color will stay Lesley, even if he was a saint—which he isn't." Indeed, a vocal part of Kenya's white community shadowed anxiously that year at Lesley's ministry. The days of expatriate whites living out exhilarating lives as they did in the socialized white apartheid days before independence are mostly a distant one, and Kenya's 60,000-member African community probably yields more economic clout. But most of Kenya's roughly 30,000 whites still prefer to keep their heads down to preserve their privileges.

In fact, whites have been scarce at Lesley's harshest critics. One broadside was launched by Lesley's younger brother, Philip, a former KENYA minister and still a loyal Moi supporter. In June, Philip Lesley led a delegation of 88 whites to Moi's mission to pledge loyalty to the government, vowing to renounce "good Kenyanism." Philip donated the balcony for his brother's 25th birthday, and the two men have always been estranged. "I don't like to criticize my brother because he did save my life," says Richard. He then describes the white pilgrimage to see Moi as "unbearable" and "disgraceful."

At the very least, it was neither demonstration of the tribal politics that Richard Lesley says he entered politics to fight. "I do not want to be president," he says. "I make light of having no legs, but the fact I get shot, and there are other things I want to do with my life—travel, write books, work my daydream. But I want to retire without fear," he continues. "I want to make the future less terrifying. And I don't see how that kind of future can be." It is a warning that rings out on a continent that is rapidly becoming a byword for terror and calamity, where corruption and tribal violence have already consumed hundreds of thousands of people. All that is left is bitterness. □



Lesley at a 1989 task briefing, for years, an international symbol of wildlife conservation

member, in part because the state backed an even actively conspired in the ivory trade.

To fight back, Lesley employed his characteristic penchant for authority, action and the grand gesture. He fired 1,500 wildlife service employees suspected of corruption. He issued a newsworthy vow to the media that they would soon be firing dead poachers instead of dead elephants, and armed his rangers with better weapons, revolvers and instructions to "shoot" the ivory poachers. (More than 180 poachers were killed in three years.)

But Lesley's most audacious act was to summon the world's politicians to watch as Moi torched a pyre of confiscated ivory tusks, signaling that Kenya was under serious about saving its elephants.

The burned ivory cost the national treasury about \$2.5 million, but Lesley's touch with international public opinion made it a good investment. Foreign governments and the World Bank raised up \$500 million for a five-year conservation program, an substan-

cially foreign donors worried by Lesley's resignation. The two men are old rivals who do not mask their mutual dislike. "With Richard, you are dealing with an extremely machine, long-standing, someone who calculated on wars of attrition," says Western. "We had an international support, but we were losing the local people. When elephants lost their line of being poached, they moved out of the parks and people started to get killed again."

Western has made it his mission to create harmony between the wildlife service and the aggrieved communities. He wants local groups to manage the wildlife and to develop tourist-related industries so that they will see the benefits of conservation. On the other side are elephants, including Lesley, who argue that man and wildlife are essentially incompatible by nature, and must probably be forced off from one another in order for each to survive.

But almost everyone agrees that there would be more harmony between a pair



Provided you're not confronted with the
daunting task of wiping them, you're bound
to be impressed with the
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THE RIGHT RIGHTWAY TO CHRYSLER CANADA



Fighting words

A poet forced into hiding by Muslim extremists still speaks out for oppressed women

Norjahan Begum was put to death as a religious leader in her rural Bangladesh village around a dozen, or Islamic death sentences, against her. The local mullah ruled Norjahan's second marriage invalid, which instantly made her an adulteress. Villagers then dragged Norjahan from her home in dawn and buried her waist-deep in a pit they had dug overnight. They slowly moved her to death, laughing and goring as they threw the required 301 vilays of rank. "Norjahan's fractured forehead pears out blood, and also Norjahan's eyes are burst, and also," wrote Bangladesh poet Taslima Nasrin about the January 1993 incident. "Though Norjahan's hair is long, her heart has been pierced, and also."

Within months of Norjahan's slaying, the same religious council issued a fatwa against Nasrin after becoming alarmed by her direct, secular writings. Forced underground by death threats, she has since been called a female Saladin Rushdie, the British author who has been in hiding since his book *The Satanic Verses* was published in 1988. Poets—along with novelists and screenwriters—journalists and writers in Algeria—have become a symbol of Islamic orthodoxy's intolerance. She has also polarized Bangladesh politics and caused contention as Muslim women who have increasingly become the target of fundamentalist wrath. "Thousands of Norjahan are killed in hundreds of villages," said Nasrin, 35, in a recent interview. "We only hear about the occasional one."

A doctor who began to publish poems and columns in the late 1980s, Nasrin quickly rose to the ire of religious extremists who feared her vivid sexual imagery and explicit views on pornography and blasphemy. When her novel *Lame (Stone)* appeared in 1993, Nasrin was catapulted into the political arena. She was accused of insulting ethnic



Nasrin: 'Should I be killed for expressing myself?'

minorities with her story of Muslims covering a Hindu attack on an Indian mosque, an actual event that had happened three months earlier. After Nasrin was quoted in an Indian newspaper saying that Islamic law was outdated, more than 20,000 people protested at the streets of Dhaka, the Bangladesh capital—some threatening to release 1,000 prisoners. Then, in June, 1994, the government charged her under a seldom-used law against offending religious sensibilities.

By the summer of 1994, murderous mobs forced Nasrin into hiding. Widespread, mostly, as a devout Muslim woman, the beleaguered poet fled her country to Sweden, and has since moved to Berlin. Nasrin, who is often pilloried by critics as a tasteless self-promoter, has indeed parlayed her persecution in Bangladesh into a career catalyst for human rights groups such as Amnesty International, the PEN Writers' Union and a host of Western governments who have intervened on her behalf. In Canada to promote *The Gate in Atrium*, her first book of poetry to appear in English, Nasrin seemed aware that the "slightly damaged warrior" one of her editors called her husband, the satirist

chimes an aphorism beyond giving voice to the 85 per cent of Bangladesh's women who are illiterate. "My purpose was not to shock," says Nasrin. "I just wrote what I feel. My anger, my tears."

Anger—particularly against men—lies at Nasrin's writing, which is based on her own experiences growing up in the countryside, and on the lives of patients she treated while working in a gynecology clinic. Had they been written by a Westerner, many of Nasrin's poems would be dismissed as literally true, political trash. But Nasrin, who writes in Bengali, had never been exposed to liberal thought, nor had she even been to the West before the publicity surrounding her death threats. "When I started writing, I didn't even know what feminism was," says Nasrin. "I just felt we shouldn't allow this oppression. As a human being I protested."

Born to a conservative Muslim family, Nasrin was spared by Islamic soldiers who raged village fights during the 1971 war of Bangladesh independence. She has been pregnant three times and fights back tears, staring down at her cigarette, when she reveals being beaten by her husband. But as a physician, Nasrin still lived a sheltered life by Bangladesh standards. "I was lucky enough. Many wives are killed, and their husbands say it was suicide," she says.

The suffering has increased in recent years. As aid groups set up programs for rural women, they produced a fierce traditionalist backlash. In the first three months of 1994 alone, more than 100 training schools were set on fire. Women who have broken out of their villages have been viciously punished against this backdrop. Nasrin stepped into the fray.

The \$6,500 bounty on Nasrin's head is as much of the use as Rushdie's, and her work is rarely placed in the same literary canon. She is not even one of the few women who have been recognized by the Nobel Prize. But Nasrin is encouraged by those who quantify her long legacy. "I don't think I'm a great philosopher, political leader or writer," she says. "I was a medical doctor willing to express myself. I don't think I should be killed for it." Today Nasrin feels secure under her pseudonym, though she still lives with a bodyguard. But she fears for the women she left behind. Other Norjahanes have been whipped or burned at the stake. One former patient had acid thrown in her eyes because her husband believed she was unchaste. Now, she says, Nasrin feels secure as she is on her way to her country, to keep writing these women's stories. And, one day, to feel safe.

NOEMI SOLOMONS

World Notes

FALKLAND FOES NOW AGREE

Britain and Argentina put their 1982 war over the Falkland Islands aside and agreed an economic treaty to exploit offshore oil and gas deposits in the southwest Atlantic. But the second sovereignty states that neither country has abandoned its claim to the islands. British Foreign Secretary Malcolm Rifkin said the deal is part of a gradual rapprochement in relations since the war, which killed 987 people.

NEAR ANARCHY IN NATAL

Death rates have soared in South Africa's Natal province as members of the Inkatha Freedom Party continue to battle supporters of Nelson Mandela's African National Congress. At least 116 people were killed last week and 112 the previous week in interethnic political and criminal violence. A South African human-rights group says that the situation in the region has reached "near anarchy."

SCHOOL TRAGEDY

Children accounted for half of the 68 people who died after the San Lucas army shelled the Jathra region as part of its war against Tamil Tiger separatists. Aid workers in Doctors Without Borders said that a schoolhouse was hit in the three days of attacks. More than 50,000 people have died since 1983 in fighting between the Sri Lankan government and rebels.

AIDS HELP FOR SOME

Charity workers and lawmakers slammed a breakthrough AIDS therapy as too costly to help those most afflicted, the poor in developing countries. The AIDS "cocktail," made from AZT and one other drug, could mean a life up to 30 percent when compared with AIDS sufferers who lack AZT alone.

CLUE TO FERTILITY MYSTERY

Scientists are now trying to find chemical compounds used in most shampoos can help women learn fertility. The compounds, known as nonyl phenol glycol ethers, can cause the effects of the female hormone estrogen, lowering the quality of sperm. The finding provides a clue to recently documented drops in fertility among males in industrialized countries.

FRENCH MASSACRE

A 16-year-old French boy killed his mother and brother and left behind a note and a small box before walking to a nearby town the next day where he was shot and killed. 19 other people before committing suicide.



NATURE'S DANCE: Smoke and ash spray onto the ski slopes of Mount Ruapehu in the largest volcanic activity New Zealand has seen in 50 years. Scientists believe a huge eruption is imminent. Travel operators are marketing air tours of the volcano in an effort to recoup revenues lost by the closing of the ski lifts.

Italy's hot trial

After 66 years in politics and seven terms as prime minister, Giulio Andreotti went before an Italian judge, accused of being a Mafia lackey. Andreotti, 75, appeared in a packed Palermo courtroom in a trial that could last two years. "This is an experience I certainly could have lived without," Andreotti said later, denying his guilt.

Andreotti, a life senator and former leader of the Christian Democratic Party, allegedly acted as the Italian Mafia's boss in Rome's corridors of power. The 100,000-page prosecution brief says he secretly met leaders of the Cosa Nostra crime syndicate, pressured judges to overturn convictions against Mafia members and even tacitly approved of murder. The evidence came from former organized crime bosses who say Andreotti did their bidding in exchange for votes.

Andreotti, who could face 20 years in jail if convicted, claims he cracked down on crime during his years in power; and that the accu-

sations are an elaborate revenge scheme by angry Mafia. The court is scheduled to rule on Oct. 6 on a request to move the trial from Mafia-controlled Sicily to Rome or another location in central Italy.

A third party

Texas billionaire Ross Perot announced that he would set up a new political party to launch an independent candidate for U.S. president. Perot ran as an independent in the 1992 election, receiving 19 per cent of the vote and splitting Republican support, which eased Bill Clinton's victory. This time, he is putting his energy into a party structure and has announced just about whether he will seek the nomination himself or draft someone else for the race. Perot said Perot made his move after being overwhelmed by Gen. Colin Powell, who has gained wide support before even announcing whether he will seek presidential office. Meanwhile, California Gov. Pete Wilson dropped out of the race for the Republican nomination.

UNITED'S NEW CONNECTION

Perhaps it was the lull of the hour—1:30 a.m. on a Saturday. Or perhaps it was the audience—the odd demography of lawyers' offices, in a commercial high-rise in downtown Toronto. More likely it was the general mood of the participants—an enormous sense of relief, after months of difficult negotiations. Whatever the reason, there was no popping of champagne corks, nor any whoops of celebration last week, as an agreement was finally reached to use Unifon Communications Inc., the chronically troubled long-distance carrier. Witnessed by attorneys, the relevant parties—executives from AT&T Canada and a consortium of banks holding Unifon's debt (\$695 million) and creditors—affixed their signatures to documents, shook hands and departed.

But, however low-key the disavowal of Unifon's long-standing saga, there was no mistaking the significance of the event. Ending months of uncertainty, the agreement in principle—formal details not to be fully agreed until December—takes the fate of Unifon's founding partners completely out of the loop. Gone are Canadian Pacific Ltd., which put its 49 percent stake up for sale last winter, ending a 114-year period of involvement in Canadian telecommunications industry. Gone, too, is Rogers Communications Inc., with its 26.6 percent holding. Both firms have written off hundreds of millions of dollars in Unifon losses.

In their place stands an unlikely coalition consisting of AT&T, a wholly owned subsidiary of the American communications giant, Bell, and several Canadian chartered banks. Under

the terms of last week's skeleton accord, AT&T will spend \$125 million in new operating capital and raise its Unifon ownership from 22.5 percent to as much as 56 per cent—Ontario permitting. Under Canadian law, foreign-controlled firms are not allowed to vote more than 33 per cent of the shares of domestic telecommunications companies. However, it is expected that some legal construct will be found to keep voting control in Canadian hands. AT&T Canada president Jim McLean insisted last week that his company will abide "by the letter and the spirit of the law."

The remaining equity will be held by at least three major financial institutions—the Bank of Nova Scotia, Toronto-Dominion Bank and the Royal Bank of Canada, they have agreed to contribute another \$125 million and to rescind Unifon's current debt. Several other Unifon creditors will also be invited to participate in the equity infusion, but it is not yet clear whether they will leap at the opportunity. If they balk, the three majors could run alone of the Bank Act. The law restricts banks from owning more than 10 per cent of any nonfinancial company, but the provision is generally waived in extraordinary

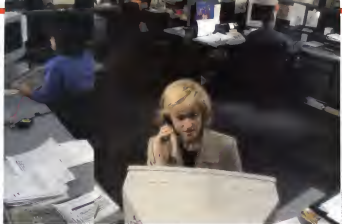
circumstances for up to two years. "We think it's a very good investment," said Rick Waugh, vice-chairman of Scotia Bank, the lead lender. "In telecommunications, we have to build strategic alliances, and AT&T is a trademark."

Still, many observers think last week's marriage looked hardly arranged, and animated more by social economic necessity than by any deep emotional attachments. AT&T's parent is a company with global ambitions in the long-distance market. Had it failed to make Unifon work, operations inevitably would have been moved to its ability to succeed in other territories, such as Europe and the Far East. In that case, the real cost of walking away from Unifon would likely have been much higher than any settled.

Moreover, the disintegration of Canada's long-distance industry is expected to be followed in the next few years by the opening up of local telephone service to competition—a potentially more lucrative source of revenue. That is a market AT&T will doubtless be anxious to master, using Unifon as a platform for products and services.

For the banks, the alternatives to buying a stake in Unifon must have seemed even less palatable. In addition to its staggering debt bill, the company was running short of operating capital—and still bleeding heavily, as estimated \$800,000 per business day. "The choice," says John Street, a research analyst with Marleson Leitch Securities in Toronto, "was either to write it off all at once and take a large hit, or keep it afloat and see if AT&T's operating savvy can turn it around."

And there was a second compelling reason for the bankers to accept a rescue operation: competition. Although Unifon's share of Canada's \$1-billion long-distance market is probably no more than six per cent—keeps behind the Bell-dominated Sprinter consortium of telephone companies, with an estimated 15 per cent—it is the only Bell rival with a truly national long-distance service and digital microwave network. If Unifon collapsed, the credibility of all second-tier carriers and resellers would have suffered, causing the competitive pressures that have kept long-distance rates low



Unifon call centre in Toronto: the company is still losing \$800,000 per business day

And other Ottawa, the chartered banks are the nation's largest owners of long-distance service. Says Bob Haines, research director of the Gartner Group in Toronto: "All the major players recognize that if a worst-case competition, prices would be higher—much higher."

One question on the minds of Unifon watchers last week was whether Rogers Communications chairman Ted Rogers had made a serious bid for the company. Rogers, whose empire includes Maclean's Publishing Limited, publisher of Maclean's, has always wanted to succeed in the long-distance game, an important part of his plan to penetrate every dimension of the burgeoning telecommunications and multimedia markets. In fact, several analysts were convinced that Rogers was simply negotiating last April when he appeared as an option to buy C's Unifon stake for \$210 million. Various Rogers representatives last week flatly refused comment on the Unifon affair, but one source close to the negotiations told Maclean's: "I really don't know what was in Ted's mind. His actions have been very unpredictable."

Unpredictable, perhaps, but not illogical. The Rogers empire is already \$4 billion in debt, and is expected to need even more capital in the years ahead to upgrade its cable television, cellular telephone and media divisions. "The problem is, Ted is running cashflow deficits," said First Maridian Securities analyst Steve Germaine. "And he can't continue to raise money with asset sales." Several observers speculated that Rogers's personal desire to keep that long-distance feeling might have been restrained by the company's board of directors, concerned about current and projected liabilities—and due diligence. Others suggested that he might seek to buy a share of Unifon's rival, Sprint Canada, now owned by C&N Telecom Inc. Inc., but with its

16 million voting shares widely held.

Sprint itself had long been rumored as a possible Unifon savior. "I'm not saying I didn't look," said Sprint Canada chairman Jim Koor. "I think the whole world looked. But our strategy has always been that if the right deal comes along, we do it." Evidently, it did not. In fact, it now appears that the search for new owners—conducted by the New York investment house J.P. Morgan—tuned up no other seriously serious bidders for Unifon.

The issue now is whether the infusion of \$250 million will be enough to stabilize the company. AT&T Canada's McLean last week insisted that the new capital would "put Unifon on a fast track to become cash positive." Unifon CEO Stan Kabisak reinforced that sentiment. "I think it was Greg Berna who said, 'It's very difficult to predict things, especially the future,'" he observed. But Unifon's business plan, Kabisak maintained, would yield positive cash flow no later than the end of 1995 or early 1996.

Not everyone, however, is convinced. Paul Marshenko's Germaine, for one, thinks that even with recent losses of about 2,800 employees—certainly "grossly overstated." And they have major problems with the debt. "Sprint's Koor says Unifon faces major restructuring hurdles and must make its level of productivity. 'If you're only in the long-distance arena, you need to generate \$400,000 of revenue per point per employee,'" by his calculations, Unifon is now generating about half that amount. "Now, you can tolerate some deviation from the rule of thumb. But you can't be half the rule of thumb. So whenever you're in there," he says, "it's still going to have to do some very significant restructuring."

This week, Kabisak and his new masters will travel to Ottawa to brief officials and seek sanction for the agreement. In fact, the broadsheet over voting control might have been resolved if the principals had decided to consult federal regulators before making the agreement. A source close to the negotiations said it was AT&T that pressed for going public first, ignoring the bankers' reservations.

Still, the deal is expected to proceed—despite industry Minister John Manley's tough words of warning last week about the foreign ownership laws. "There's 99 ways to Sunday to structure this deal to satisfy the Telecom Act," said consultant James Hoyt. "It's not a hoop-jump exercise. Basically, it's an end-state strategy for the banks. They have two years to come up with another Canadian buyer." In other words, to paraphrase another Yogi Berraism, "Unifon reached a fork in the road—and they took it."

MICHAEL POSNER



Rogers: a need for more capital

A battle in the sky

Montreal's Canadair takes aim at a competitor



In the aviation industry's equivalent of the cable wars, a place-off marketing feud in which each side boasts about its competition. The combatants are not Pepsi and Coke but the world's two leading manufacturers of executive jets: Canadair, a subsidiary of Montreal-based Bombardier Inc., and Gulfstream Aerospace Corp. of Savannah, Ga. In recent weeks, the two companies have waged a highly public—and expensive—battle over a select group of potential customers, the estimated 500 to 800 wealthy individuals and corporations around the world who can afford to shell out more than \$50 million for a top-of-the-line aircraft.

The fight broke into the open when Canadair placed a two-page controlled advertisement in *The Wall Street Journal* on Sept. 15 to brag about its planned long-range jet, the Global Express. The ad claimed that the Global Express will offer a roomier cabin and more range at higher speeds than its chief competitor, the Gulfstream V. "Head to head, toe to toe, the Global Express business jet far surpasses the competition," *The Montreal* company boasted.

Last week, Gulfstream launched its own attack in *The Journal*. It pointed out that while the American jet will be ready to fly in November, Canadair's plane is not scheduled to fly the market for another year. Mocking the earlier ad, the two-page promotion showed the Global Express jet next to a duck-like silhouette of the Global Express. "The Gulfstream V is now a reality," the company



Aids for Gulfstream (above) and Canadair (below) assert's depiction of the Global Express (right, intense rivalry)

said. "This concept of a plane is just that." Neither company would say how much it has spent on the ad war, but the normal rate for a controlled ad in *The Wall Street Journal* is \$600,000.

Gulfstream's new jet is unquestionably an impressive machine. According to the manufacturer, it can fly up to 4,500 nautical miles—from New York to Tokyo or Vancouver to Moscow—without refueling. "It can go virtually anywhere in the world," said John Stone, Gulfstream's spokeswoman, "with just one stop."

Canadair officials say that their plane will be just as versatile, with the added advantage that the Global Express will have a greater flying range than its competitor at higher

speeds. "In some parts of the world, security is an issue," explained Lee Stangor, a spokesman for Canadair. "In this regard, they can get into and out of hot spots easily. And they can refuel at their preferred fuel stops. That's important because at some places in the Third World, contaminated fuel can be a problem."

That kind of security does not come cheap. Both planes will sell for about \$40 million. Buyers will have to budget at least another \$5 million to \$10 million more to fit out the interior to their own specifications. Potential customers include the chief executives of Fortune 500 corporations, heads of state and a handful of rock stars or other exceedingly wealthy individuals.

Gulfstream pulled out the first of its new jets on Sept. 22, and Stone says that the company expects to fly it for the first time in November. The first jet is expected to be delivered in late 1996. The customer Seagram Inc., whose Montreal head office is a few blocks from Bombardier headquarters, (Canadair officials point out that Seagram already owns several Gulfstream jets.)

Gulfstream, controlled by New York financier Theodore Forstmann, is currently the leading manufacturer of long-range business jets. But Bombardier is a determined competitor. The company, best known for its automobiles, entered the aircraft manufacturing business in 1996 when it bought Canadair Ltd., which makes jet executive jets from the federal government. In 1999, it acquired Learjet Ltd., of Wichita, Kan., and added small and medium-sized executive jets to its product line. In 1991, Bombardier officials forecast a growing market for long-range executive jets as major corporations expand their global operations. According to Stangor, the company expects that development at the Global Express will cost about \$5 billion. Of that, more than half will be paid by Canadair's partners in the project, including Honeywell Inc. and Mitsubishi Heavy Industries.

While Canadair was designing its new plane, an American rival created the Gulfstream V by upgrading an earlier model, the Gulfstream IV. That had made it, Gulfstream best Global Express.

The competition between the two companies intensified in late September at the annual conference of the National Business Aircraft Association in Las Vegas, Nev.

Canadair had a wireless mash-up of the Global Express on display and officials were able to step into its cabin, which the company says is 15 per cent larger than the Gulfstream plane. Gulfstream had a mockup of an jet, too, but the cabin was closed. "That," said a clearly delighted Stangor, "must have been a very tough decision for Gulfstream to make." By the way, neither company is ready to put away the gloves.

HELENIA DALLAGLIA

Gazing at the future

Ottawa receives a blueprint for the Information Age

On distant libraries of the world's movies and music, barely-mechanical advice available in remote corners, digital encyclopedias and on-line ports. Life along the information promises to be both profound and profoundly outside. The parent of information technologies, including computer networks, satellites and the convergence of the cable and telephone industries, promises to change the way people live, work and play, in ways perhaps not yet imaginable. It was into that porous that the federal government's Information Highway Advisory Council stepped boldly last week, delivering more than 300 recommendations on everything from access to the Internet to competition between the cable and telephone companies. It was the recommendations were a surprise, the effort was perhaps not so. The council's crystal ball just was not big enough. Explained council chairman David Johnston, a law professor at McGill University in Montreal and the university's former president. "We didn't think we were wrong enough, or far enough away, to say to the government that this is probably what you should do, and this how you should do it. A tough 2."

But the council, made up of 29 members, drew largely from the business community but also including representatives of labor, consumer and other community groups, did manage to send the government one overriding message: get out of the way. "In the new information economy," the report said in its opening pages, "success will be determined by the marketplace, not by the government." One council member, Canadian Labour Congress executive vice-president Jean Claude Parrot, felt a dissent. "The free market is not free," he said. "The free market is not free." But the report stopped short of calling for so-called universal regulation of an industry that had total revenues of \$50 billion in 1995. It said that broadcasting should remain under government control, with rules to protect Canadian culture and ensure that Canadians have access to information services such as the Internet.

For a government determined to restrict its spending, a report that does not call for massive injections of government money holds obvious appeal. One of the few suggestions for new government money—to finance further research and development—met with a cool response from Industry Minister John Manley. It is, in general, "an excellent report," and Manley, adding that the document would help the government define a strategy for the information highway. "Said Manley: 'There are huge benefits here.'"

The critical recommendation from the council is that competition should be the driving force behind developments along the information highway. The primary role for government should be to set the rules of the game. "Regulation should ensure an open market, a Canadian presence and a language," the document said. Parrot, who argued in a posting on the Internet last week that technological advances could pose a threat to jobs, denounced the report as a blueprint for big business to profit from new technologies.

In the immediate future, open competition will likely mean a struggle between telephone and cable companies for each other's customers. That those two industries can compete at all is a result of technical innova-

tions that allow telephone conversations and television signals to be delivered to customers over the same wires. The cable and telephone industries were represented on the council, and both agreed with a recommendation that the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) should allow head-to-head competition in cable and telephone markets within 20 months.

But neither council recommendation—calling on Ottawa to ensure that neither industry gets a head start—may modify the battle. Telephone companies say they can offer television services by early 1997, the cable companies say it will take them longer to enter the phone business. Johnston agreed that the advocacy organizations had a right to fight for a fair fight might delay competition for up to three years, adding: "We hope the delay will be an 'inert' as possible." There is, he noted, "a sense of urgency." Manley is expected to give the government's view on the issue in a report later this fall.

One danger with regulation on the information highway is that technology can change so quickly that the rules become outdated. It is a fact illustrated by the council's suggestion that the CRTC must not think a key part of its mandate and figure out just what broadcasting means. Jim Carroll, co-author of *The Canadian Internet Handbook*, noted that the Internet can already be used for radio broadcasting, and, within a few years, will be able to carry television signals. "I don't know if they understand what's happening, how broadband the CRTC is becoming," Carroll said.

One of the more controversial recommendations calls on Ottawa to ensure that the CRTC has the power to designate Internet services that should be available to everyone. The Internet community, characterized by a borderless world, has often argued that the CRTC's role is to ensure the possibility of significant government control, and David Jones, president of Electronic Frontier Canada, a lobby group for Internet users, Johnson, however, said that the Internet may ultimately become as important as the telephone. "Without appropriate rules, the Internet is, in my view, 'a kind of crossing classes of information' and 'a waste of time.'"

The irony is that the report, with its emphasis on the television and telephone industries, may have made the most important point. The council, Carroll said, "was dominated by people who think that the world of the future will continue in the model of today." Such a thought would, indeed, be a big mistake.

WARRICK CARROLL is Ottawa and PETER CHAMBERLAIN in Toronto



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Business NOTES

DOODGING A BAD RAP

Entertainment conglomerate Time Warner Inc. announced that it will sell its 56-per-cent stake in Interscope Records, the leading record label for so-called gangsta rap. Time Warner said it was withdrawing because Interscope would not allow it to remove the lyrics of future rap releases. Gangsta rap lyrics have been widely criticized for their emphasis on degrading sexual imagery, violence and drugs.

OIL PATCH TWO-STEP

Westcoast Energy Inc. of Vancouver paid \$18.5 million for 56 per cent of the Hainan Pipeline in southeast British Columbia. The sellers, Coir Resources Ltd. and its sister corporation, Orbit Oil & Gas Ltd., both of Calgary, are the targets of a hostile takeover bid by Gulf Canada Resources Ltd. At the same time, the head of Coir and Orbit came under heavy criticism for cooking in share options that pushed his compensation for the year to almost \$2 million.

KISSING OFF KEMANO

Alcan Aluminum Ltd. of Montreal is officially writing off the \$207.5 million it sunk into the Kemano Completion Project. The \$1-billion hydroelectric project in northern British Columbia was cancelled by the B.C. government last January after environmentalists argued that it would destroy Nechako River salmon runs.

CHOO-CHOOING ALONG

Canadian-born pop music legend Neil Young has agreed to buy Lionel Train Inc., a maker of toy and model trains based in Cheshire, Mich., for an undisclosed amount. Young's partner in the deal is Walbridge Associates of New York City, a private investment firm headed by Martin Davis, former senior vice-president of Paramount Communications Inc.

CROSS-COUNTRY CLASSIFIEDS

Southern Inc., Canada's largest newspaper chain, announced that it will sell some of its classified advertising on the Internet, beginning in December. The new system, similar to one already in use in the United States, will allow consumers to search for jobs and apartments in distant cities.

COFFEE WARS

As the juggernaut of Starbucks Corp. of Seattle prepares to roll into eastern Canada, Second Cup Ltd. of Toronto announced plans to swallow Gloria Jean's Gourmet Coffees of Boca Raton, Fla., a 224-store chain. The purchase will almost double the number of Second Cup outlets.



A CAUTION FOR CAPITALISTS: Australian businessman James Peng was sentenced to 16 years in jail after a one-day trial by a Chinese court in the southern economic centre of Shenzhen. The Chinese-born Peng was convicted of embezzling and misappropriating money from his own textile firm, Chuanpu Industrial Co. Ltd. Peng denied the charges and said he was framed by business associates. The Australian government pressed for Peng's release.

Dealers clash

Gordon Capital Corp., one of Bay Street's most famous—and controversial—brokerage houses, appeared on the brink of a capital and management restructuring that could fundamentally alter its freewheeling image. Last week, two top executives, Scott MacNicol and Paul Strick, left to join rival Stans McCarthy Securities Ltd. The negotiations came after a yearlong struggle for control of Gordon, which is led by the fixer-upper James Conacher. 54 investors said that a group of younger managers was trying to wrest control from Conacher, who was suspended from trading for 90 days in 1993 because of transactions that heavily left the firm with too little capital.

A company spokesman said only that Gordon is considering restructuring its capital base. But some reports noted that the birth of Hong Kong developer Li Ka-shing, believed to be the firm's largest shareholder, is considering raising its 32-per-cent stake. The

family's youngest son, Richard, cut his teeth in the brokerage business during a two-year stint at the firm's Toronto head office. Conacher reportedly owns less than 10 per cent of the firm, which he founded in the 1980s.

The Iguchi caper

A order at one of the world's largest banks was changed with leading banks totaling \$1.5 billion. According to U.S. federal prosecutors, the losses were incurred over an 18-year period by Yoshihide Iguchi, 44, a bond trader at the Japanese bank's New York City office. The trading loss is one of the largest ever sustained by a financial institution, and its revelation last week heavily pushed down the value of the Japanese yen against the U.S. dollar. But Swiss prosecutors said that no depositor or customer would be affected and that the bank would still post a profit of 885 million for the first half of its fiscal year. Iguchi, who apparently did not profit personally from the trades, faces a possible prison term of 30 years and fines of up to \$3.4 million.



How the referendum has spawned a leader

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Nothing is more lethal in helping destroy the credibility of a political leader than becoming the butt of a thousand jokes. (Ask Joe Clark.) It is no surprise, therefore, that a revolt of the chestnut about three passengers on a chartered airplane is sweeping Quebec's (and nation's) three days. In this version, Jacques Parizeau decides to fly to a remote village on the Gaspé Peninsula to sell the Yes side of the referendum. Aloud he chattered at the other passengers. Aloud he chartered jet there is the elderly parish priest who will be introducing him at the rally, and a teenage hiker who is hitchhiking a ride back to his native village. The employees quit and, as the three passengers gather around the escape hatch, they realize there are only two parachutes.

Parizeau harrumphs a couple of times, then declares that as "the most important man in Quebec," he must be saved. Shouting, "I've in Quebec! Me!" he makes the jump. "The priest then turns to the boy and says: 'My son, I have lived a full life while yours is still ahead of you, so, please, take the other parachute. I am quite content with my life.'" "No, it's OK, Father," replies the boy, cheerfully. "We still have two parachutes. Where the most important man in Quebec? Rather than sit at home, he grabbed my knapsack on his way out the hatch!"

Not much of a joke, but a telling indication of how Quebec's political mood is changing. But then, it's not easy to be serious about a governing party that assigns the pivotal responsibility for the research studies supposed to determine how an independent Quebec would operate to an ad-libbed manner like Richard Le Hir, who releases only these papers he likes. Where are the *Révision* who need them?

In fact, few federalist leaders are emerging from this debate with any luck. Preston Manning has been revealed for what he is: a two-bit opportunist who puts his ambitions ahead of his country. Jean Charest

Freed from the ridicule that attends his tiny Commons caucus, PC leader Jean Charest has emerged as an attractive national figure

was to show no leadership, relying on the fact that he may well be the luckiest politician since Plato invented democracy. Daniel Johnson has been thrust by history into a role he can barely fill.

The only politician who has advanced his status throughout the referendum debate has been Jean Charest. Freed from the ridicule that attends his minuscule Commons caucus, and now a leader of a federalist cause that has always been his mission, he has emerged as an attractive national figure with an unlimited future.

A minor minister during the early Mulroney years, Charest rose to prominence with his handling of the parliamentary committee that examined the Meech Lake accord, just before its collapse in June of 1990. That job gave him a chance to display raw politics at the moment, and his friendship with Lucien Bouchard (who once acted as his mentor) brought him a brief lesson about how little loyalty counts at those perilous heights. In the 1993 federal election, aware that Charest's appeal was far more potent than his, prime minister Brian Mulroney refused to allow him to campaign nationally. He withdrew the ill-fated *Québécois*

in his home province, and despite a tractor offers from the private sector, decided to hang in. "The main reason I chose to stay," he told me last week, "was because I anticipated the referendum, and it didn't make a lot of sense after what I'd been through in love and not be on the scene when that happened."

His role in the campaign is deliberately ambiguous, because the Liberals stage among the No side don't want to give him the kind of exposure that would allow him to outshine their own leaders. But Jean Charest has spent out all day-to-day combat, and Daniel Johnson doesn't have the charisma that has elevated Charest's profile, and he has made the most of it.

"No amount of manipulation can hide the real and dramatic consequences of a 'Yes vote,'" he is telling voters across Quebec. "Whatever kind of candy coating they put on, it still comes out tasting like the toothpaste Jacques Parizeau sticky bun. The separatists will never be able to disguise the real rules of independence: Parizeau and Bouchard, for whom greed and duplicity are a cardinal sin, have promised to rehire all the federal servants working in Quebec. And they are guaranteeing us access to an economic market from which we will have just separated!"

Unlike most federalists, Charest doesn't rely on facts and figures to make his case. "People pay no attention to figures, so make sure you put them on the table," he says. "In the end, the only way to win decisively is if we are able to emphasize to Quebecers the strong link they have in their hearts for Canada, which I am convinced is there, and has always been there." The most convincing part of his presentation occurs when he stops talking, reaches into his pocket, and brings out his blue Canadian passport. "If you say 'Yes,' he intones, holding the document in front of him as if it were a challenge, "you're getting your passport on the table, giving your passport to Jacques Parizeau, in exchange for what?"

Another effective play has been to read a quote which, he declares, comes from someone who understands well to what point Canadian federalism has been beneficial for Quebecers. He then rattles off a lengthy shopping list of successes by Quebec entrepreneurs and entertainers, omitting their accomplishments, substituting with the noisy voices speaker's concluding thought: "I will repeat myself—in Quebec, success is no longer the exception, it's the rule."

The anonymous speaker, Charest reveals, was Jacques Parizeau, who made these remarks to a Montreal business audience as premier on Nov. 15, 1994. Then, he makes the point that Parizeau's description is a long way from the 19's current attempts to vilify Quebec as being populated by oppressed victims of federalism, desperate for liberation.

At the moment, no other federalist can match Jean Charest for guts and effectiveness in the struggle for Quebec's—and Canada's—future.

GIBSON'S FINEST 12 YEAR OLD



WHEN ONLY THE FINEST WILL DO

Canadians are finding new ways to hide their money from the tax man

OFFSHORE BILLIONS

BY STEVE CAMERON

Every time Lisa Kelly finds herself on one of the ferries that chug back and forth between Vancouver and Subspring Island, where she lives, she takes the opportunity to scatter promotional brochures on the ferry seats. "Learn how to protect your privacy and keep what you've earned!" trumpet the tips, which advertise seminars at which people learn how to set up offshore bank accounts, trusts and corporations. The response is excellent, claims Kelly, who works for a Toronto-based company called Fairway Business Incentive Resources Inc. At a recent introductory session in Kelowna, B.C., 250 people turned up in late May in Theresa, her company charged 250 people 250 each to hear the same message. The full course, however, is priced at \$8,700, including accommodations and meals. For that, interested Canadians spend four days in a Nassau resort hotel, learning about tax havens, trusts and how to transfer money from one jurisdiction to another. "People are a little bit leery at first," says Kelly. "But once they get all the information, everybody wants to sign up and bring their friends."

Kelly's company is tapping into a fierce determination among many middle- and upper-income Canadians to reduce their taxes and protect their assets by moving their money offshore. In Canada, the law firm leading the way is Towers, Penson & Harris, which specialises in international tax planning and has opened an office in the Turks and Caicos Islands, a popular Caribbean tax haven. "We're seeing a lot of inheritances among the baby boomers now," explains partner Paul Leffers, who adds that three or four clients a day come into his law office to set up offshore trusts. "People are coming to us with \$400,000 to \$500,000 in free money. If they leave the money in the bank, they pay tax on the income, but they're also worried about currency controls and wealth and estate taxes coming in." Another sign of the interest in offshore tax havens is the popularity of *Tell Your Money and Run!*, a self-help book that Harris & Harris published in July 1994. Written by former Bay Street financial analyst Alex Daulton, the \$14.95 paperback has become one of the

■ Cayman Islands beach: Ottawa has no idea how much money Canadians have stashed in tax havens



best-selling business books in Canadian history, with 40,000 copies sold.

Seminars, self-help books, lawyers, bankers and accountants are making it much easier for middle-class and wealthier Canadians to learn the following secrets of the super-rich. The message, simply put, is that money tucked away in an offshore tax haven is not only out of reach of Revenue Canada, but is also safe from the prying eyes of business partners, creditors, spouses and other individuals who might have claims on it. And money is not the only thing that can be protected. By transferring titular ownership of other assets to offshore trusts and corporations—such as houses,

businesses or art collections—they too slide beyond the grasp of those who believe they are entitled to a chunk of funds. A simple example is a vacation property bought in a tax haven: the Canadian owner can rent it, keep the rental income offshore and spend the money as he or she pleases without paying taxes on it.

The trick, of course, is that anyone who does that is breaking the law. Revenue Canada requires Canadians who are resident in Canada to report their worldwide income, regardless of the source. But even tax officials admit that collecting the tax can be almost impossible. "The Tax Act is based

on voluntary compliance," admits Bob Whiting, an international tax officer at Revenue Canada. In other words, the government counts on Canadians to tell the truth when they file their tax returns. "It's difficult," says Whiting, "but we do our best and hopefully that's enough."

It may not be. Whiting acknowledges that Revenue Canada has no idea how much money Canadians have stashed away in tax havens, adding that it is not easy to monitor Canadians' offshore accounts, trusts and corporations. The government can search in and stake a claim on the assets if they are in such countries as the United States and Great Britain, with which Canada has signed tax treaties. But tax havens like Liechtenstein, the Cayman Islands, Switzerland, the Channel Islands, the Turks and Caicos Islands

and the Cook Islands northwest of New Zealand—because of stringent privacy laws, the new favorites—do not have treaty agreements with other countries. And because they will not disclose information about assets held by foreigners, it can be almost impossible for Revenue Canada to determine what is held there by Canadians. Switzerland, once the haven of choice, is less popular than it used to be because the Swiss government has decided that it will not allow banks to knowingly launder money from criminal activities, and it will assist foreign governments investigating certain criminal cases. On the other hand, tax evasion by foreigners is not a criminal activity in Switzerland, and officials there say that it is not their job to help foreign governments collect taxes.)

While no government official or banking expert will say exactly how much Canadian money is pouring into tax havens, economist Tom Taylor of McGill University in Montreal, an expert on international flight capital and author of the 1994 book *Let Money and the Politics of Debt*, estimates that the annual flow added to the wealth already accumulated offshore adds up to tens of billions of dollars. "There is no central record-keeping system," says Taylor, "and efforts to estimate capital flight are all bogus." Taylor and other financial experts agree, however, that the situation is alarming. Not only is it depriving governments of desperately needed cash, but it causes hardship for people with legitimate claims on income and property.

Three factors are fueling the boom in offshore banking, says Taylor. Many Canadians simply believe that the tax system is not fair and are taking steps to ensure that they get the same breaks as the rich. Second, many have lost their faith in politicians and believe they are not getting value for money spent by governments. Finally, *Max, a Financial Post* columnist, poll found that 77 per cent of Canadians would cheat on their taxes if they could, and the main reasons given were disgust with corrupt politicians and poor barrel politics. "And, finally, many Canadians don't have a fear of being caught,"

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID BAKER

Naylor says. "With the disintegration of the social contract between Canadians and government, there is no fear of social ostracism. In fact, there's a sea change in our attitude to collective responsibility. In the old days, 15 or 20 years ago, people and money offshore had to be kept quiet. Today, they have a right to be heard."

"Did planning for the masses," as Toronto tax lawyer Rossane Rocchi acidly describes the phenomenon, is clearly catching on. Her partner, Susan Robins, says that what is taking place in the income tax field is "an exact parallel to what we saw with cigarettes." When the tax on a package of cigarettes drops, the price goes to roughly \$6.50, people feel it was and this, she explains, and start going second-to-the-point where Ottawa tried to do and dashed the tax by \$6 a carton in February, 1994. "People feel cheated," says Robins. "People work hard for their money, and at a top tax rate of 55 per cent, each and every year your net worth is going down. It's a problem. Tax rates have driven this very form of behavior." Robins also says, show that once marginal tax rates go above 45 per cent, tax revenues start to decline. "We're creating a nation of cheaters," she concludes.

But Robins and Rocchi will not help them do it. The two lawyers work at Miller Thomson, a large Toronto firm where former prime minister John Turner is also a partner. Robins says many of their potential clients ask about setting up offshore corporations or trusts. When they discover that the firm's tax specialists will not perform that kind of work, they can become irritated. "Obviously, we can't put together a structure for them," explains Robins. "You know that what your client is trying to do is evade taxes." Should a client get into trouble later with Revenue Canada, there is a risk that assets will be seized, the lawyer who drew up the structure can also be charged. "Some of this is really scary blackmail," she says bitterly.

What makes tax evasion possible for an increasing number of Canadians is the ease with which they can set up sophisticated offshore companies, trusts and bank accounts. Canada's chartered banks all offer banking services to tax havens, with most of the action taking place in the Caribbean and Switzerland. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, for example, has a busy office in Germany. With electronic banking, computer networks and fax machines, it is not even necessary for investors to visit their chosen tax



Robins in her Toronto law office: should a client get into trouble with Revenue Canada, there is a risk that assets will be seized

haven in person. "I just set up a corporation last week with a Canadian who is a house painter," said Robert Handfield, a partner in International Privacy Corp. (IPC), an Ottawa-based company that organizes corporations in several different tax havens for a fee of about \$1,800 and yearly maintenance charges of \$800. Handfield, who lives in Clackamas, Ore., trails for two more British Columbian tax advisers in The Vancouver Sun. The Globe and Mail and other newspapers, and says he has "hundreds" of Canadian clients. The Turks and Caicos Islands, where IPC is affiliated with a local law firm, is the haven he most frequently recommends for Canadian cash. "When we started forming companies for people in 1981," he said, "there were just 6,000 companies of this type in the Turks and Caicos. Now there are 35,000, and the bulk of the companies belong to Canadians. Hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars have left Canada."

Just exactly who are his clients? Angry Canadians, Handfield replies, who believe they are cheated and who also want to protect their assets from creditors. "I have a lot of lawyers, physicians, dentists and accountants," he added. "They believe their 1990s will be taxed more, and trusts will be next. Canadians are looking at this and saying it's not right." According to Handfield, using U.S. doctors and lawyers are parking their assets offshore to protect themselves against the huge insolvency settlements so often awarded by American courts. Worried Canadians, he adds, use the same trend developing here.

A desire for secrecy is another key reason why people set up offshore bank accounts, trusts or corporations. Not surprisingly, they tend not to want to discuss what they have done, or how or why. But some details have come to light about the offshore bank accounts of a few well-known Canadians. In 1991, U.S. sports writer Ross Conway reported that former hockey star Alvin Gagneau, who is now facing 32 charges related to his international hockey business, controlled a Swiss bank account. Conway's source, which appeared in the *Quincy* magazine, Lawrence, Mass.,

inferred quick action from England. He instructed his staff to send copies of the articles that mentioned the account to "Werner Schwab as a p." Schwab was Gagneau's banker at the Canadian Volubus Bank in Zurich. By the end of January, 1992, the account had been closed. The paper trail for these transactions was reviewed by RCMP Staff Sgt. John Blair, who spent several months gaining permission from the Swiss authorities to obtain the documents. For his part, former Ontario Premier John Evans built the \$170-million Canada Trust headquarters in 1991, set up an offshore trust in Spain under his mother's family name to hold most of his assets. Evans had told bankruptcy trustees that he does not control the Spanish trust and as not a beneficiary, his case is not before the courts. A few days before landing the Canada Trust contract, he sent \$1.2 million to a mysterious company called Maitrop Ltd., whose ownership has been hidden through a number of companies based in London, Dublin and the British Virgin Islands. Maitrop's true owners have not yet been identified.

Another person who has learned the benefits of offshore banking and corporations is former Newfoundland premier Frank Miller. The most powerful lobbyist in Ottawa during the Mulroney years, banking documents, contracts and real estate records made public last April identify the account he opened at the Swiss Bank Corp. in Zurich in 1988—soon after his client, Albin Industrie, signed a contract to buy a Lachertowne house for an extra \$800,000. It's not every account held in the Canada and after Canadian airlines. There is nothing to suggest that any of the money was paid into the bank account opened by Moore. But the documents also show that Moore's luxury Florida condominium was purchased through a related Lachertowne holding company, which he is associated. Although Moore has said he rents the condominium, Florida real estate records show that the property tax bills are sent to his summer home in Ontario.

High rollers like that, however, are not the norm for Paul LeBreton. His clients range from actors and S & P executives and other self-employed business people and professionals. Recently, for



Paul LeBreton: his clients range from actors and S & P executives and other self-employed business people and professionals. Recently, for

DOING IT BY THE BOOK

I bill a nerve of great discontent," Alex Doolin says bluntly as he explains why his book, *Take Your Money and Run!*, has become a Canadian best-seller, with more than 80,000 copies sold in the past year. "The people who are buying this book are Wileys and worried to hell that there won't be anything left for them when they get old." The 36-year-old man from St. John's is still running a sailboat in the Mediterranean, because a co-ownership of Canada six years ago to avoid taxes. Later, the law firm that helped him get established offshore, Toronto's Harris & Harris, decided to start publishing how-to books on handling wealth—and Doolin's name became the first in the series.

An easy-to-read handbook, *Take Your Money* tells Canadians how to set themselves up offshore as non-residents and stop paying taxes. "The word-of-mouth on this book got around before it was even out," said Carole Roach, manager of Vancouver's Blackberry Books. "I had to hurry around to find enough copies." Books for Business, a Toronto store catering to the financial community, carries several guides to tax havens and how to become set up with offshore corporations. Every time the Canadian dollar soars, interest rates climb or tax loopholes are plugged, the demand for such guides goes up. "There was a real scramble for the book last year," said Michael Legris, the store's manager, adding that there is still a steady stream of

buyers in their late 40s and early 50s. The book will not be published in French.

Doolin acknowledges that people often question the morality of evading Canadian taxes. "I say, 'What a morose—most people work hard in Canada. At what point do you get your university education paid for? At what point are the roads paid for? I reached that point. When people ask me if I am shortchanging my country, I say, 'In your government shortchanging you.'" Doolin says he receives all of his book royalties twice through the offshore corporate structure he has set up. When he is in Toronto, he says in a downcast apart tone, which is evoked by an off-camera cough. "They let me use it," he says, laughing.

To capitalize on the interest in moving assets offshore, LeBreton and his partners have just published two more books. One, entitled *Shedule Wealth*, is a baby boomer's guide to advertisements written by a Toronto financial planner, Jack Lussacchi, and his sister Sue, a former



CBC television anchor in Ottawa who now runs her own public relations firm. The second book is *The House Breakdown*, by Toronto tax planner Richard Carter, which offers contacts, names and phone numbers for those who want more information after reading Doolin's book.

A competing guide is *Behind Closed Doors* by Toronto entrepreneur James Hill. In 20 years ago, Hill dropped out of a pre-ordained path to a professor at the University of Toronto to go into business with some jewelry, paper products and belts from Asia, and repackaging them for export to South America. More recently, he has used his experience in setting up offshore corporations as the basis for the book. With a legal expertise from Toronto tax lawyer Ian LeBlanc, *Behind Closed Doors* was published in March. "The response has been tremendous," Hill says. In June, he attended the American Bookellers Association convention in Chicago with a major U.S. distributor, Bookstore. Not only did the large American chain Barnes and Noble send Walkersbooks, agree to carry it, but Bookstore is now promoting the guide in its Christmas catalogue. So far, more than 4,000 copies have been sold at \$50 each. So many people have now called him, Hill says, that he and LeBlanc have set up a new company to help people move their assets offshore.

S. G.

example, LeFranc set up an offshore corporation in the Turks and Caicos for a businesswoman who leases cranes, tractors and fertiliser trucks to construction companies. In the past, Revenue Canada collected half of the profits. But now that the offshore company buys the heavy equipment and leases it out, tax is an afterthought at most. LeFranc's client is entitled to take money out of the offshore company in the form of a dividend, and when he does he is required to pay taxes on it. But otherwise, the profits remain in the offshore company—earning interest and out of reach of Revenue Canada. A further benefit is that when the lease runs out, the offshore company can sell the used equipment to a company in, say, Europe or the United States. As long as the money remains in the offshore company, all the income is tax-free.

Or take the case of a computer consultant—a client of LeFranc—who has clients in Europe and Asia. If the consultant had set up his business in Canada, his income would have been subject to the standard Canadian tax rates. Instead, he set up an offshore business, which awarded her consulting contracts and then hires him to fulfil them. Clients pay the corporation, which in turn pays the consultant an agreed-upon fee, which is taxable as income in Canada. Any remaining earnings stay in the offshore corporation, untaxed.

Toronto accountant Ralph Kyrd, who specialises in setting up offshore accounts, says he has one client, a songwriter in Nova Scotia, who recently won two Hollywood contracts worth a total of \$2.7 million. All of that money will be paid to his offshore company that Kyrd set up for the writer; a portion of it will be transferred to Canada, making it subject to income tax. The rest must remain offshore. "But there is nothing to stop the corporation," Kyrd notes, "from buying a villa in France and making it available to him for his exclusive use."

Of course, Revenue Canada has rules that are intended to get around these kinds of deals. The clients resting the cranes or hiring the consultant, for example, are supposed to withhold 25 per cent of their payments and remit the money to the tax department. That is known as a withholding tax. But tax experts say that the rule is often ignored, partly because there are so many allowable exceptions. And even if the tax is paid, it is often far less than the amount that Revenue Canada would collect if the full income was reported in Canada.

There is one group of business people for whom Revenue Canada does make a poorer tax exception—wealthy immigrant investors. Newly arrived entrepreneurs are granted a five-year tax holiday during which they keep their earnings out of Canada. When the exemption period expires, immigrant investors are required to declare their worldwide income like other residents of Canada. The problem for Revenue Canada is that technology exists who set up fictitious trusts, bank accounts and corporations are not required to report the existence of those entities. That makes it easy to "target" to report the income from them.

So who is left to pay their fair share of taxes? The only ones Revenue Canada can count on are for some these Canadians who earn wages or salaries from which taxes are deducted at source. That system worked well when Canada's economy income tax structure was set up in the 1940s and 1950s, but the economy was then different and words like "downsizing" and "restructuring" were not part of the national lexicon. Most of those wage and salary earners were employed by big corporations, governments or manufacturing industries, and until the 1960s, corporations collectively paid



be supported at the number of human jobs start with there," says department spokesman Bob Wright. If the human system fails, Revenue Canada accountants can uncover offshore assets using so-called lifestyle audits, which go into effect when tax officials suspect high-profile people with lavish lifestyles have filed erroneous tax returns. Investigators can simply demand evidence of how luxury cars, homes, trips, jewelry, clothes and other goods have been paid for. In theory, lifestyle audits strike low into the hearts of tax evaders, but in practice they are rare because they are expensive, time-consuming and chaotic, the person being audited this way often fights back vigorously with lawyers, putting tax officials on the defensive.

Although Mr. Thomson refuses to help Canadians set up offshore trusts and companies, many banks, trust companies and other law firms, such as Harris & Harris, are not at all shy about choosing the business, and vehemently disagree that their clients are in any jeopardy with Revenue Canada. The firm's biggest growth comes from doctors, lawyers and accountants who are trying to raise their assets offshore to avoid the threat to the high litigation claims they see among their U.S. counterparts.

Still, it is not for everybody and it is not cheap. Toronto

claims believe the charges are worth it, even those who start with a relatively modest nest egg of \$80,000 to \$100,000. "That's the break-even amount," says LeFranc, "and \$800,000 is the norm. But some clients come in with \$20,000 and basically to get the process started. They want something somewhere else in Canada."

Like buying LeFranc estimates that "billions and billions of dollars" are leaving Canada for offshore providers, much of it from large corporations. A few years ago, Harris & Harris acted for around 30 or 40 offshore corporations, now the firm has between 600 and 500.

Most Canadians who set up offshore bank accounts do so because they believe they can use them to lower their taxes, but James Hal, author of another paper on tax avoidance, says that is not a good reason. "The prime purpose of going offshore is asset protection," he says. "Don't set up offshore to cheat on taxes. Do it because that way you can take it away from you." By moving what they have into offshore corporations or trusts, investors can hide assets even when there are judgments, liens or bankruptcies. Secrecy extends to protection from stalking governmental agencies, journalists and police. "Asset protection is a very real thing," Hal recommends to his readers. Even though they have been described as "the dark side of the business," he writes, "one cannot keep that they are brilliant creations." That is because the person

who sets one up is considered to be involved. As a result, no money or property can be extracted from him or her without through the person setting it up. Hal adds, "has a beneficial interest in the assets and is a allowed full control and management of them."

It is just this kind of structure that both Roberts and Beale were against because, if caught, will have difficulty proving they are not benefiting from the trust. Still, as long as people file returns with Revenue Canada, all that can happen to them is that they might have to pay more tax, with interest. There will be no penalties. "People view this as a low-cost-loss proposition," admits Roberts.

To maintain his nonresident status, Beale spends most of his time cruising the Mediterranean on his yacht, but when he does return to dry land it is often to preach his message to new converts. Robert Handfield has booked him to speak to Canadians at a three-day seminar in Orlando, Fla., in November as both he and Hal have discovered, their message

● Deals on his pitch, LeFranc (below) offshore banking clients range from actors and authors to doctors and self-employed business people and professionals.



The top 10 offshore banking centres for Canadian residents:

- Bahamas
- Bermuda
- British Virgin Islands
- Cayman Islands
- Cook Islands
- Guernsey
- Isle of Man
- Jersey
- Switzerland
- Turks and Caicos

more tax than individuals. That changed when corporate tax revenues as a share of total government revenue began to drop and personal tax revenues started to rise. According to a 1994 study by the Paris-based Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development, personal income taxes as a percentage of total federal tax revenues in Canada rose from 35 per cent in 1975 to 41 per cent in 1991, the latest year for which figures were available. During the same period, revenue from corporate taxes as a percentage of total tax revenues fell to 56 per cent from 14 per cent.

In the late 1980s and early 1990s, when governments and corporate structure took the minds of Canadians off the payroll, the tax base changed even more radically. Suddenly, there was a large and growing pool of self-employed workers, most of them in service businesses, which have generous tax write-offs. And many of these self-employed people, determined to bring on to their money, are the ones searching for offshore havens. McCall's Napier sums up the situation succinctly: "When you combine the delegitimation of government in the eyes of citizens, the widespread knowledge of how to evade taxes and a lack of fear of government response, then you have a prescription for fiscal and financial disaster."

The finance department in Ottawa is not ignoring the threat. In the last federal budget, the government proposed new reporting rules that would require the Foreign Accrual Property Income regulations (known as the "FAP rules") and make it more difficult for Canadians to conceal offshore assets and income. Until the rules become tougher, however, the government has to fall back on the basic system. "You'd

tax lawyer Ian Lebane cautions, despite some of the estimates priced cited by Lisa Kelly and Robert Handfield. "You would need a net worth of over \$1 million to make it worthwhile," he says. While there may be little or no cost to setting up an offshore bank account, most offshore banks want a healthy initial deposit and expect their individual clients to maintain big balances—typically several thousand dollars. Lebane adds that setting up a trust or a corporation could cost as much as \$80,000. There are legal fees, corporation setup fees, the cost of having an agent in the tax haven, compliance costs for such things as keeping company minutes and directors' fees. "Everything has to have a paper trail," says Lebane, who also teaches tax law to law admissions students at Osgoode Hall in Toronto. "It's not banking for the masses because the costs are too high."

Lebane disagrees with those high estimates, saying his firm charges between \$2,500 and \$4,000 to set up a corporate structure offshore, and roughly the same amount each year to maintain it. His

message to a warm reception in the United States, especially with audiences on the left. "There's a lot more to it than that, a weird cultural side trip," cautions Vancouver private investigator Adrian de Plessis, an expert on stock markets and offshore financing. The Plessis offers a list of American newsletter writers who regularly get together for networking meetings about offshore opportunities. They tend to be vociferously antigovernment and anti-tax, and many of them, including Robert Handfield's partner, Arthur Presley, belong to the far right libertarian movement. "They're constantly threatening economists Arnsperg," says de Plessis. "It's the financial equivalent of Arnsperg." But they maintain newspaper and magazines run advertisements from writers who regard their expertise on setting up offshore. As more and more Canadians educate themselves on the sophisticated rules of tax avoidance—and the relatively low risk that they will be penalized for offshore evasion—Revenue Canada will have to find even more creative ways to collect taxes. □

EXECUTIVE ACTION

A \$49 introduction to foreign banks

Legislatively dressed and beautifully groomed, the couple begins to complain loudly as soon as they were informed that there were no more seats in the hotel meeting room. "We're completely sold out," the handsome young woman in the registration desk reported as the couple leaved their luggage. Dozens of others scooped past them into the room, clearly delighted that they had been smart enough to book early for the seminar on offshore banking. Eventually, the hotel staff dropped to move chairs, the crowd squeezed closer together and the couple was allowed in, although they had to sit rows apart.

The scene was the stately Knightsbridge Room at the King Edward Hotel in downtown Toronto, where about 120 people—almost all of them men—paid \$49 each for glasses of ice water and two hours of advice about Austrian bank accounts and Caribbean tax havens. "Revenue Canada of tax avoids visitors to these seminars,"

chuckled organizer Ralph Kydd, an accountant and the president of a Toronto consulting company called The Corporate Group. His own once modest back story: That was at the evening of better, they had come for the straight goods. Kydd did not disappoint them. First, he offered the wisdom of Viennese banker Peter Zipper, a people young man in hornrimmed glasses, who explained that Austrian bank secrecy laws were the strictest in the world. (So strict, Kydd said, that a bank vice-president who once allowed an accountant's name to slip just his lips had been since a heavy fine and sent to prison for six years.) By contrast, he added, "Anglo-Saxon banks"—those in England, the Channel Islands and the Caribbean, among others—are more relaxed. "If you like some wheedling and dealing, go to the Anglo-Saxons," Zipper said. "German banking laws are engraved in stone. Our attitude is, if you don't like it, go away."

Zipper, a vice-president of the English bank Chaudhry-Vincent, a well-known adviser of Canada's largest financial institutions—described the services his bank provides, which can extend even to banking open secrets. "I'll even take you for wicker whetted and apple strudel," he promised. What he will not do is set up offshore trusts or corporations. "So how do I get money overseas without a paper trail?" asked one astute-looking man in the audience. "You'd get caught," snapped Zipper. "There is always a paper trail." Still, he acknowledged later, Austrian banks require proof of criminal activity before they will cough up a paper trail. "And tax irregularities in other countries do not interest us," he added.

Kydd, a tall man with a mop of curly black hair, was the main event of the evening. Getting broadly, he offered plenty of advice on banking, as well as on setting up trusts and corporations. His company, which also has offices in Chicago and Moscow, specializes in Caribbean and Channel Island structures as well as Luxembourg trusts. (And, he confided, his company's trustee in Luxembourg is one of only three judges in the country's highest



Kydd, by establishing offices outside of Canada, is able to practice what he preaches.

court and the only one who speaks English, "so it is his job to resign cases to his two colleagues at the bench.")

The low fee of setting up an offshore corporation, he emphasized, are well worth the trouble for wealthy Canadians. Last year, one of his clients, a Quebec maple syrup exporter, drastically reduced his federal tax bill by using a foreign corporation. "In between," as Kydd put it, instead of holding the maple syrup in Canada and shipping it out to his U.S. distributor for \$5 a bottle, the producer now sells it to him at a price equivalent to \$8 a bottle to a company he set up in the Caymans. Subsidizing his production costs of \$5 and a bottle, that leaves a taxable profit of 20 cents. The company in the Caymans, meanwhile, bottles the syrup and ships it to the same U.S. distributor for \$5 a bottle—yielding an additional, untaxed profit of \$3 a bottle. According to Kydd, for every one million bottles of syrup—roughly a year's production—the Quebec businessman saves \$300,000. The only kink is that, legally, he cannot bring his profits into Canada without paying tax. But the money can be invested elsewhere—for example, Kydd said, "to buy stock through a bank in Austria."

By the end, the audience seemed dazzled by stories of tax savings dancing before their eyes. Kydd invited them to attend a \$999 all-day seminar, or sign up as a client. A personal consultation costs \$500 an hour or \$2,500 a day plus expenses. And Kydd promises what he preaches. Although he advises Canadian clients through his Toronto office, his work abroad is handled by an offshore company. Last year, Kydd says, he spoke at 15 seminars in Canada and several more in Nassau, next year, he plans events in Bermuda and Vienna.

As they filed out of the Knightsbridge Room, most of the people stopped at the registration desk to pick up one of Zipper's syllabi cards for an Austrian bank account and pore over the inserted brochures for the next Ralph Kydd seminar. These files were sold.

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He said...

HE: Now here's an interesting little tidbit of information.
 SHE: I believe "tidbit" is the operative word in this case.
 HE: Apparently...
 SHE: Yes...
 HE: ...the first thing people wash when taking a shower is their tummies.
 SHE: You've got any too much time on your hands, Don.
 HE: Here's something on strange relationships...
 SHE: Like this one?

Don Daynard Erin Davis News, weather, traffic updates
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CHFI FM98
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BEATLEMANIA—THE SECOND COMING

It has been more than a quarter-century since they last recorded together—but just 15 years since the murder of John Lennon—but The Beatles are as popular as ever. They still outsell The Rolling Stones and Michael Jackson. And with a new studio album forthcoming, *Beatles* (Atlantic), to be launched in more than 40 countries in November, and the first three-album set of a rare-albums anthology hitting record stores the same month, Beatlemania is in the air again. The three surviving Beatles, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr, recently finished recording about 150 songs, both new and old. The most poignant moment came when they played along with a tape of a previously unissued Lennon ballad, *Free as a Bird*, which Lennon's widow, Yoko Ono, had given them earlier. "We just pretended that John had gone on holiday or out for tea and left us the tape to play with," said Ringo. "That was the only way we could deal with it, because it was really very emotional."

The Fab Four in 1967: making music—again



THE FAME IS IN THE NAME

Somewhere, Regina service station attendant Nick Assenza is getting more than his share of 25 minutes of fame. Until July, the single 60-year-old Polonaise gas-jockey was talking in obscurity. Then, CBS late-night talk-show host David Letterman, whose New York City-based staff regularly comb through newspapers from across North America for material, started making him the butt of jokes. The resulting notoriety earned him his big break. During a 15-day stretch-leave tour of Ontario, he appeared on cable TV's *MuchMusic*, judged a bikini contest and signed autographs. On Aug. 18, he appeared on *The Late Show* with Letterman, where Thunder Bay, Ont.-born headliner Paul Shaffer greeted him with 9 Genesis *Animus* may have peaked there, but the man has clearly made his mark. *As Assenza told police that 50 per cent of Canadians now know who he is, instant fame because of a name that, as he points out, is only funny if it is mispronounced. It is German, and should be pronounced "Ustman." But then there would have been no stretch leave*



Letterman (right), Assenza, notoriety

COVERING HIS BASES

Toronto guitar player Jeff Healey has gained a reputation for going his own way. His unique playing style—with the guitar strummed in his lap—has earned him leads from other guitar greats such as B. B. King and the late Stevie Ray Vaughan. Healey is also known for his loyalty to his backup players in The Jeff Healey Band, bassist Joe Rickman and drummer Tim Stephens, and for paying no attention to industry trends and music critics who argued him



Healey: going his own way

to strike out on his own. "I lead a lot of like that reputation," says Healey. Now, however, with the rock/blues band's recently released fourth album, *Cover Is Cover*, Healey seems to have joined a trend among established or rising from Atlantic Records to Holly Cole who are remarking others' bases. But Healey says that he is still searching for his own drummer. "We didn't just go for the hits," he says about the CD, which peaked at number 1 on the *Billboard* charts

this week. "We looked at a lot of songs and picked them to get the right feel, the right energy, and then we went on from there and did them our way."

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Hilltop director Margot LeBlanc, 34, belongs to North America's largest Acadian family: she estimates that she is among 250,000 LeBlancs of Acadian descent. For her feature documentary, *The*



LeBlanc: tracing her family tree

Acadian Connection, which premiered last week at the Toronto Film Festival in June, she traced her family tree across the continent—and found Oscar-winning headliner Paul LeBlanc, grandson of Shawn Stone in the set of *The Quick and the Dead* in Arizona. Stone reveals that she was made when LeBlanc cut her hair earlier. "When it's long," she explains, "you have to do it so you know where it goes with this shape of your body." At least one LeBlanc has learned to make do with the bare essentials.

Edited by BARBARA WICKENS

Hockey's reversal of fortune

Less than a year after a damaging labor dispute, the NHL forges ahead

For a while, it looked more like a blind date than a hockey game. In their first-ever game since the Denver, players on the Colorado Avalanche—the ex-Quebec Nordiques—were anxious to impress when they took to the ice last week at McNichols Sports Arena. Nervous and tentative, they failed even to complete a pass for the first five minutes. Finally, after an awkward silence in the stands, Avalanche defenseman Peter Forsberg drew goalie Steve Valdez when he deflected the visiting St. Louis Blues' defense and fired a shot just wide. The crowd was more appreciative when goaltender Stéphane Fiset made great saves against Blues forwards Brett Hull and Dale Hawerchuk. Then, 15 minutes into the opening period, Andrei Kovalenko swept a Forsberg rebound into the Blues' net to give Colorado a 1-0 lead. The silence was explosive, and the first action—and the same issue—gave in the Avalanche's defeat to a 3-1 victory. Afterward, in the Avalanche dressing room, the players were relieved to have started the relationship on the right foot. "It was good to headily play in front of our new fans," said defenseman Sylvain LeBlond. "And it was good to win."

There is an almost giddy excitement surrounding the National Hockey League season that starts this week, and it is not just in Hockey Mountain High. Unlike last season, 1995-1996 is not threatened by a labor dispute. Teams in Vancouver, Montreal, Ottawa and Boston are all moving into grand new arenas. Off-season trades and free-agent signings have put old rivals in new uniforms, and raised expectations of fans everywhere. And thanks to league-wide parity, the battle for NHL supremacy is wide open. "There are as many as 10 teams that realistically have hopes of going in the Stanley Cup," says Harry Neale, a former NHL coach and now an analyst for *Hockey Night in Canada*. "And a few others are capable of giving a long way into the playoffs."

But the biggest excitement in the NHL may be about the fortunes of the league itself. Like a hot prospect with a couple of seasons under his belt, the league appears ready to come into its own. It has secured long-term local deals with its players and game officials and signed a three-year network TV deal with Los Angeles-based Fox Broadcasting for coverage in the United States. And it is drawing new fans from the hinterland. Starting this season, Canada's game is turning up as episodes of popular TV shows such as *Star Trek* and *Friends*, and as a backdrop to an increasing number of TV commercials. The once-prosy NHL, now unshakably billy itself as *The Greatest Game on Earth*, and no one is laughing, not even the man who gave the world his Stinson and Midway Place. "We believe that hockey is a winning sport in the United States," says Chase Carey, the moustache-chomping president of Fox Broadcasting. "We are happy to be a part of that."



Canadian NHL teams



To many Canadian fans, however, it seems that the price of the game's current success in the United States is being paid in Canada. The new NHL, prone to rich for Quebec City and Winnipeg; neither had the population base, TV revenues and arena capacities to compete in an era of skyrocketing payrolls. So last May, the Nordiques were sold to Bethesda, MD-based COMSAT Entertainment Group and relocated to Denver, while Winnipeg stored off the first departure, but only for a year—they are about to be sold to a Minnesota group.

Last spring, when both cities were trying desperately to hang on in their arenas, outraged fans targeted Bettman, suggesting that he and the powerful American team owners were stealing the game from Canadians. Bettman countered that the two franchises were undermined by the economics of big-league sports, not by league policy, but that further riotous local fans, who resented the inference that their cities were not "big league." Traditionally—already resting from the mere existence of a team called the Mighty Ducks (named after a Disney movie)—were further

discouraged by the appearance of cartoon robots on their TV screens during Fox broadcasts. And they positively howled at the prospect of the network's plans to digitally enhance the game packs to make it easier for new fans to follow the game.

The uproar has subsided a little, but NHL officials are still defensive. Bettman insists that the league bent over backwards to keep the Wito-

however, all that was left of the snow was a glimmer on the Rockies for the rest. And while the league's neighbors around him were still piled high with Allen Branches, services had been restored and Denverites were again filling the outdoor cafes on 16th Street and the jogging paths along the South Platte River.

Denver is a strong sports market, but despite its wonder at there is much in fans' hearts and wallets for hockey in a city that is obsessed with its football team (the Broncos), as well as its overbearing baseball team (the Rockies) and steadily supportive of its basketball team (the Nuggets). The fact that about 5,000 tickets holdovers for the Sept. 23 preseason game opted instead to stay home and watch the Rockies play the Dodgers in Los Angeles for first place demonstrated the Avalanche's previous place on their priority list.

Some of those concerns were defused when the three-managed franchise sold 12,000 season tickets in the first three weeks after the purchase. By comparison, the Nordiques had only 7,500 subscribers last season. At Jackson's table, a sprawling sports bar across from the baseball park, Corey Field, patron seemed impressed by the fact that, unlike an expansion club, the Avalanche was one of the top teams in the NHL. "Hockey's going to work because the Avalanche is a good young team, and it's going to be good for years to come," said Jan Chert, manager of an industrial goods distributor in Colorado Springs. Others are inspired by the success of the Denver Grizzlies of the International Hockey League, who last year drew more than 12,000 fans per game at McNichols and the same moment in Salt Lake City. "It's the Grizzlies experience in my opinion, I think hockey is going to be huge," said Amy Shepherd, a 25-year-old fan from nearby Centennial City. "Denver is just an incredible sports town."

Many of the ex-Nordiques arrived in Denver a month before trying camp to get their fanbases settled. But after a year of speculation about the franchise's future, they were eager to experience the exuberant potential of a new American's great team. "The economy is better here than in Quebec, thanks to war," says LeBlond. "If you look, there's a construction, buildings going up. Even though we're the fourth sport here, I think there will be more opportunities here than there were in Quebec." Most players have found homes in local suburbs where the neighbors are friendly and common about when they can get under the microscope as much as in Quebec.

Some players and coaches are still adjusting to their surroundings, partly because Denver population 2.1 million is so much bigger than Que-

First shaping the Blues' Craig Johnson: the relationship with fans starting on the right foot

became and Quebec leaves in Canada, on the condition that someone step up with enough cash to support the franchise. No one did. To Winnipeg, the team in three for another year because we didn't have a lot in May, when it would have been over," he says. "We let the city and the province and all the local people try their solution, which once by their standards fell short." Still, the league had good reason to avoid spending the hockey climate in a country that last season supplied 62.5 per cent of its players. "We do want to do anything to diminish our presence in Canada," Bettman said, "for the desire of kids in Canada to become NHL players."

In Denver, the Avalanche was preceded into town by a real natural disaster. A freak late-winter blizzard blew through the Rocky Mountain city on Sept. 30, ripping limbs off thousands of trees and cutting power, cable and telephone lines to many areas of the city. By game day,

U.S. NHL teams



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SPORTS



The Canucks and Mighty Ducks of Vancouver's new GM Place excitement

hee City (\$66,000). "Traffic in Quebec was last cars stopped at the same stoplight as the way to the rink," the team's coach, Marc Crawford, laughs. "That is a big city, and I have to work my schedule around how long it's going to take me to drive to work. But we'll get used to it."

Sitting in his modestly appointed office 47 floors above midtown Manhattan, the commissioner is barely able to stay put in his chair. In conversation, the 44-year-old Bettman, an energetic man with grinning blue eyes, is gregarious, enthusiastic and occasionally so demonstrative that he ends up teetering on the edge of his seat.

Goie is the grin expression he wears throughout last year's trying lockout, imposed by team owners on their bid to force players to accept a new collective bargaining agreement that included a cap on salaries. (After three months, the owners settled for a cap on rookie salaries.) Now, Bettman bristles with the infectious optimism of a former basketball executive who believes that hockey's future lies close. "We are doing the things that need to be done to grow a major sports league," he says.

In some respects, Canadian teams are better off in Bettman's NHL. Canadian teams share equally in all revenue from the league's TV contracts with Fox and ESPN this season, for instance, the seven remaining Canadian franchises will each reap \$2.0 million from the five-year, \$220-million Fox deal. Teams also split the proceeds from licensed product, advertising and new corporate sponsors, which have increased dramatically. Since 1993, the NHL's merchandise sales have nearly doubled, to more than \$1 billion annually. Though well below the \$4 billion worth of sales registered by both the National Football

League and the National Basketball Association, hockey's share of the market is increasing faster than the other sports, says Richard Dudley, senior vice president of NHL Enterprises Inc. "We have a great game and great players," Dudley adds. "We have a game that is played internationally, and also in the streets by kids on inline skates. So that's a lot to work with."

Only a year after Bettman looked them out, the players are still somewhat wary. But they, too, are sharing in the new spirit. Wayne Gretzky was signed to represent Campbell's Soup when the company decided to sponsor the league. And Nike, the U.S. athletic shoe giant and league sponsor, signed Boston Bruins star Cam Neely and Detroit Red Wings Sergei Fedorov to multiyear deals to promote the company's new line of hockey equipment.

"The NHL needs to use guys like Sergei and Neely," says Blues star Hal Gill. "Until now, it has been Wayne, Wayne and more Wayne, but there are a lot of charismatic players around, and if the league is going to make it big, it is going to have to use them."

Until recently, hockey was the poor cousin of the four major North American sports. As recently as 1991, the league was without even a cable TV contract in the United States, and until the Fox deal, had not been on U.S. network TV since 1975-1976. And if there were any corporate sponsors, few knew about them. "It used to be more like a fraternity, while now it is run like a business," says Neely. "You can't just open the doors and yell out to the window that there's a hockey game on. That worked in Canada for years, but not any longer."

With Bettman's appointment in February, 2003, the league turned from private club to marketing machine. The league has signed



Bettman in New York: ice-fueled optimism

Photo: AP/Wide World

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52



Smallest athletes, most dangerous game

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Sandy Hawley lies on his back in his livingroom peering between upraised legs at his television screen. Some people believe Sandy is the best jockey ever trained in Canada, but right now he is prone as a coach and owner of race horses. Such as two trotters in his stable, one in his tailcoat and wearing a sequined shoulder and a sequined vest, which is the robe connecting the bladder with the outside world.

"Terrible things happen to jockeys when they fall off horses. There was a rider at Woodbine in Toronto named Pat Beaudry when grown and when in the jockeys' room had broken every bone in his body at least once. Pat died this."

"Never did break my jaw," Pat said. Still, it's a fact that he broke his back twice, fractured both legs, both arms, one of his ribs, a collarbone, and was unconscious for 18 days following a spill. Eventually, Pat retired as his middle ribs became a trainer.

There are grounds for the claim that the world's smallest professional athletes, jockeys, are in the world's most dangerous spectator sport, horse racing. Some people might say for halfhearted. Others might press for solo money or perhaps the impact could fight game where the object is to scramble like a geyser. And once, close to home, hockey's goaltenders were considered the most dangerous athletes.

Such as when Terry Sanchez was playing his made in a 21-year career at Detroit, Boston, Detroit again, Toronto, Los Angeles, Detroit again, and New York. Terry were some 400 stitches in his face and head before he adopted a mask. He broke bones regularly with sharp white and early blue and purple swirls where the frozen puck kept crashing into his body pad. His standup, beardside style of playing goal contributed to a spinal condition called lordosis that was so painful he could sleep only in two-hour stretches. Once, he believed he had suffered a stroke

No horse-race rider stands taller, so to speak, than Canada's own Sandy Hawley, five-foot-two, eyes of blue (as it happens), 108 lb.

when his left side went numb. It turned out to be two fractured discs in his back. A spinal operation could have ended his career but he had it done anyway and it didn't.

Other goaltenders endured pain and loss, a point that comes up in Ken Dryden's literary classic, *The Game*. However, the former Montreal netminder puts down the notion that goaltending is not a cross-dangerous occupation. "Goaltenders stand on obstacles to a hard rubber disc, frequently shot at a lethal speed, sometimes unseen, sometimes deflected, the danger to them is obvious but it is exaggerated. The danger of playing goal is a potential danger, but equipment technology, like a new below a trigger act, has made serious injury extremely unlikely."

And so, it is alleged, jockeys remain the greatest athletes in the most dangerous game, setting aside guys who jump all mountainous jumping bagrids, or those with sharp white and blue eyes full of tears with long white and purple swirls. And race stands taller, so to speak, than Sandy Hawley, five-foot-two, eyes of blue (as it happens), 108 lb.

Sandy is 46 and he has been at his game for 31 years, going back to his beginning in

Odessa, Ont., where, as muck, With little look at him in his 10-year-old taphouse could he say, and said, "What are you going to do with yourself? You might think about becoming a jockey."

Clell With became a widely respected trainer at Thornhill, Ont., and later, in 1962, a famous Alberta rodeo rider and now, boy who, the story goes, was once cornered in a stall by a horse suddenly gone mean. Dele couldn't escape, so he landed back his right fist and landed a one-punch knockout squarely between the 120-lb. horse's eyes.

Among Dele took on Sandy Hawley as a rider. Since then, Sandy has won almost everything available to a jockey. He has twice been named Canada's Athlete of the Year, is in the Canadian Racing Hall of Fame, has been inducted into the National Museum and Racing Hall of Fame at Saratoga in the United States, has earned four victories in the Queen's Plate, and has been awarded the Order of Canada. These successes have led to him his land. Indeed, with no trace of sackiness, Hawley may be the most courteous athlete in the sports business (ask about drinking with last prize). He is a smilingly polite, bright and articulate in interviews and without his modesty.

Part of this may be due to the fact he is aware of his own mortality. Two years ago, he began taking treatment for a malignant melanoma. Jockey took out a tumor on his back and lymph glands in his right arm, and, two years ago, surgery cleared a lung spot. He makes an annual California pilgrimage, where he rode for 10 years in the 1980s, to continue a program of cancer therapy.

More recently, his knee as a race rider was injured by a spill at Woodbine. It's the reason he has been jockey between upraised legs at his television screen. Last Aug. 2, in front of the grandstand during the post parade, his horse, a filly named *Reverend's*, was backed into by another horse and was startled. She reared, leaving the air like an unhinged boxer.

Sandy wasn't caught by surprise. "Obviously, you let a horse right himself, but this time my filly reached the point of no return and started to go over backwards. I began to get up and lay my arms on the track. You can't see what happened next. I just know I felt a lot of pressure from the horse. They said she came right over and landed on top of me and rolled off of me."

But soon, after two months, he is smiling, recently able to walk with crutches, now to his legs in a swimming program, but still many weeks from recovery. He looks forward to the California trip accompanied by his wife, Lisa, and their two small boys, but, believe that, he says he'll be riding again. The possibility of further injury doesn't trouble him considerably. "I believe in fate. It's your fate to get hurt, you'll get hurt, mind a horse, driving a car whatever." He hopes to ride at Woodbine in late November, then to California in Santa Anita's opening on Boxing Day. Back riding? Of course he'll be back. *By Trent Frayne* (see p. 10)

JUSTICE

The Simpson jury faces the race factor

The O.J. case, finally nearing an end, became a cauldron for black-white conflict in America

After a nine-month run, the show of sitcoms was finally coming to a close. For his penultimate act last week, it is therefore also known as the Los Angeles County Courthouse, a star-studded audience showed up to witness history: baseball giant Steve Garvey and wife Candace, actor Richard Dreyfuss, former Olympic discus thrower Bruce Jenner and NBC TV poll week suggested that 77 per cent of whites believe Simpson is guilty—and that 73 per cent of blacks believe he is

other was a tale of police incompetence and corruption, fueled by racism comparable to that found in New Germany. By the time the jury of nine blacks, one Hispanic and two whites retired to begin deliberations, the case had become a cauldron for black-white conflict in America. Public opinion on Simpson's guilt or innocence remained sharply divided along racial lines, and an NBC TV poll last week suggested that 77 per cent of whites believe Simpson is guilty—and that 73 per cent of blacks believe he is



(Left to right) Clark, Simpson, star of a justice ex-husband wreaking revenge, or of corrupt and incompetent police.



lent." The trial of O.J. Simpson, charged with murdering his ex-wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, and her friend Ronald Goldman, has inspired a host of fashion statements, rumors, trash tabloid exposes and had jokes—an unapologetic pop-culture phenomenon that at times seemed to undercut the gravity of the case. But as the prosecution and defense lawyers laid out their closing arguments last week, nobody was joking any more.

In last days of gripping entanglement—Maren Clark and Christopher Darden for the prosecution, Johnnie Cochran Jr. and Barry Schick for the defense—prominent the jury with deeply conflicting, but equally baroque, stories. One was of a jealous ex-husband wreaking revenge in a bloody scene of violence, the

tale, Furman had been the prosecution's key witness. But then at August, a surprise evidence and defense witnesses showed that the now retired officer lied on the stand about his racial biases and about his use of the racial epithet "nigger." In her closing statement, Clark attempted to distance the prosecution's case from Furman's racism. "Is he a nigger?" she asked the jury. "Yes. Do we wish that the LAPD had never hired him? Yes. Do we wish that people like this were never on this planet? Yes." But Clark went on to say that Furman's racism was merely a "distraction," used by the defense to divert the jury's attention from the mountains of evidence against Simpson.

Then, in clear, measured tones, she began telling through that evidence, so familiar now to O.J. watchers around the world: Simpson's



History of sexual abuse, his lack of an alibi and the trail of blood and hair found linking the former football star to the murders. In the photos of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman's mangled bodies, she told the jury, "You see rape. You see fear. You see coward. These are racists that are really slaughter, that are personal, and that at respect they reveal a great deal about who they are."

Clark left much of the choice to Darden, who concluded the prosecution's closing argument. Co-counseling on Simpson's alleged motivation, Darden depicted the accused as a race-insensitive politician of his own life who finally decided to let his anger loose. "With each threat of that knife into Nicole Brown Simpson's body and into Ron's body," Darden said, "there is a release, you know, a small release."

Whatever fireworks the prosecution was

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JUSTICE

tered, however, were nothing compared with the brutal performance Cochran had reserved. Like prosecutor William Jones Jackson at his best, the 57-year-old lawyer—a tiny cross pinned to the left lapel of his grey suit—scolded the predominantly black jury to follow him on “a journey towards justice.” Cochran quoted from the Bible, from Cicero, from Shakespeare and from Abraham Lincoln, and he used the catchphrase “If it doesn’t fit, you must acquit”—a reference to the court-room demonstration of Simpson struggling to put on the Redington glove—like a mantra as he attacked the prosecution version of events. At one point, he showed a last image much like the one that the prosecution alleges Simpson used to disguise himself on the night of the murder: “Who am I? I’m still Jeanine,” Cochran with a hint of a smile, said. “O.J. Simpson is a lefty guy from two blocks away in L.A. O.J. Simpson.”

Schreck, the pragmatic New York Cardozo Law School professor, criticized the assault on the prosecution case by focusing on technical details. Bringing out an array of charts and graphs, Schreck questioned the DNA identification of blood found at the crime scene and attempted to expose police handling of evidence as an exercise in incompetence. “Something is terribly wrong with the evidence in this case,” he said. “You cannot trust it; it lacks integrity.”

But the defence saved its most scathing attacks for Fubman. And in doing so, Cochran played the so-called race card to the hilt. Cochran, who is in the wake of death threats he has used bodyguards from the controversial black nationalist group the Nation of Islam, called Fubman “a lying, unscrupulous racist.” Nearly every significant piece of evidence—the glove, the crime scene, Simpson’s white Bronco where bloodstains were found—was tainted by Fubman’s lies, Cochran said. He also accused Det. Philip Vassantier of complicity as a police cover-up of evidence tampering, and called the detectives “two devils of deception.”

Cochran suggested that an acquittal for Simpson would be not only a vote for his innocence, but also a step towards equal rights for blacks. “You are the conscience of this community,” he told the jury. “Your verdict goes far beyond the doors of this courtroom.” At one point, Cochran blamed Fubman in Adell Hiller—a companion

that outraged Ron Goldman’s father, Fred. This role is a whole walking around among us,” said an enraged and clearly panicked Goldman. “He suggests that because of racism we should put aside all other thought, all other reason, and set his murdering client free.”

Simpson, at least, seems confident of acquittal. Just five weeks after the murder at his court, he applied to the Federal Patent and Trademark Office to have his name, along with “OJ” and “The Juice,” registered as trademarks. The application lists over 100 consumer items that, potentially, would carry Simpson’s name, including wind-up toys, computer game cartridges, game pawns, dolls and later aquatic toys. And Simpson’s agents are reportedly seeking a deal to have him tell his side of the story—which he declined to do in front of the jury—on a pay-per-view television broadcast.

In Los Angeles—where a predominantly white jury acquitted four police officers in the beating of black activist Rodney King in 1992, setting off a week of rioting and bloodshed—disorder at the police runs deep among the city’s own white police. “There is concern about the LAPD’s ability to treat anyone in their service and equitably,” says Bill Martinez, executive director of Community Youth Gang Services, one of the oldest social worker organizations in the city. Adis P. Tadić, Greg Boyd, director of Jobs for

the Future and Homeboy Industries, organizations that help gang members get off the streets. “Rodney King was not an aberration—this community knows that Mark Fubman was not an aberration.”

Even before the prosecution ended its rebuttal last Friday, there were signs of brewing conflict. About 100 Simpson supporters crowded the sidewalk outside the courtroom, chanting “Free O.J.” and “Go, Johnny, go,” and cheering loudly in the sight of Cochran’s five Nation of Islam bodyguards. Opposing them were several protesters from the Jewish Defense League—outraged by Cochran’s comparison of Fubman to Hitler. “Giddy, giddy, DNA, DNA,” chanted JDL supporters, while others carried a banner reading “Cochran, Nation of Islam, Fubman—racists come in all colors.” The trial of O.J. Simpson was nearing its end. But in a city with a painful history of racial division, the wounds it has opened were just beginning to bleed.

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Hell on the high sea



WAR AT SEA
(CBC, Oct. 16 and 17)

By now, Brent and Terence McKenna must have very thick skins. The Montreal-based brothers have already endured vitriolic attacks from veterans unhappy with their 1992 television documentary, *The Valour and the Horror*, which criticized the way the Canadian Army and Air Force pursued their aims in the Second World War. Now, the McKennas have the Navy at their sights.

War at Sea is their two-hour account of how the Royal Canadian Navy locked the crucial seagoing—no principal responsibility in the War—of securing supply convoys across the U-boat-infested North Atlantic. The McKennas, who wrote and directed the two-part program, put the blame for the failure on the Navy's top brass, accusing it of inadequately training and arming convoys of Canada's sailors. At the same time (and very, perhaps, of a repeat of the *Valour and the Horror* controversy), the brothers have gone out of their way to praise ordinary seamen, both in the Navy and the merchant marine, for their struggles in horrendous conditions. But they indicate no doubt as to when they conclude that their men succeeded in "holding the line" against the U-boats. War at Sea shows that they most certainly did not.

The McKennas' findings may disturb some Canadians, but they are hardly revolutionary. The Royal Canadian Navy's failures have long been a matter of historical record, although they have not been widely publicized. The fact is that in 1942, the British—

upset by the number of Allied ships lost while under Canadian protection—successfully demanded that all RCN escort ships be put under British command. Meanwhile, the escort force was transferred to the British Royal Navy for retraining. As a result, the RCN missed the crucial turning point in the Battle for the Atlantic, when hunting picks of British and American warships and bombers began to destroy German U-boats in large numbers. Towards the war's end, however, the RCN did rebound, distinguishing itself in European coastal waters. By then, it was the world's third-largest fighting fleet, with more than 100,000 in uniform and 671 ships.

There is a definite populist slant to War at Sea. Like the McKennas' earlier series, it stresses a profound gap between the strong men of those under fire and the sometimes misguided actions of their top brass. The *Valour and the Horror* caused no small trouble because many veterans refused to recognize this distinction—they identified with their leaders and their aims, and saw any criticism of the leadership as an attack on themselves. War at Sea may well meet the same reception. But that would be a pity, because it offers some valuable lessons about the often divergent needs of those who command and those who obey.

War at Sea argues that the top leadership of Canada's wartime navy put far too much emphasis on building large, destroyer-class warships—with an eye to establishing an im-

Canadian corvette on patrol did poor equipment cost sailors' lives?

pressive posture fleet. As a result, the all-important corvette program was underfunded. The corvette—it was named by Churchill—was the workhorse of the transatlantic convoy run. Fast, manoeuvrable and cheap to make, it could attack German U-boats both on the surface and under it. But the Canadian corvettes were badly equipped, with compasses, radar and armaments that were often inferior to those on similar British vessels. War at Sea suggests strongly that the poor equipment cost the lives of many of the approximately 3,000 Canadian sailors who died in the War, by making the cramped and lumpy corvettes both more dangerous to sail and less effective in attack.

Usually, four corvettes and one or two destroyers would provide protection for the 40 or 50 ships in a convoy—but the U-boats got through anyway. War at Sea definitely sees black and white archival footage to portray those battles and their perils. Also, the survivors clinging to debris in the freezing, oily waters, staring up at their rescuers with corporate faces. The McKennas also use archival documentary passages from the letters and diaries of dead service people. Some of those vignettes are unconvincing. But in one touching portrait, a young corvette officer writes letters home making his mother feel cozy and assuring his parents that, because he has been assigned to Canadian coastal waters, he will be safe. In fact, he was killed not long after in a U-boat attack.

War at Sea depends, as well, on interviews with several veterans, including a former U-boat commander. The McKennas stage a dramatic scene when they introduce German U-boat captain Horst Kessler to Canadian Desmond Firth, a former captain of the destroyer *Blackhawk* who battled him more than 50 years ago. Despite the language gap, the two men seem oddly similar: courtly, grandfatherly figures who clearly bear each other nothing but friendly respect. They were once enemies, but they also shared the fighting man's burden: they had to carry out the plans of those who never got near the smoke at battle.

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A festival with an Asian flavor

In the ongoing contest for the title Hollywood North, Toronto and Vancouver are restless rivals. Toronto may hold a slight edge in the amount of money spent on film and television production, but the two cities seem equally showered with crowns of white mobile housing units and spaghetti-like coils of black lightning cable. The Ontario capital, meanwhile, boasts its well-established film festival. So when Vancouver's Asian Festival helped to create a film showcase in the West Coast city in 1982—its main founder was Leonard Scheia, owner of Vancouver's venerable Ridge Theatre—he recalls, first it would not be just "a modest version" of the Toronto festival and its Montreal counterpart, says Pinsky, who became festival director in 1986. "They are great festivals. But we had to develop a distinct identity."

In a city with as many dim sum restaurants and sushi bars as cappuccino counters, it was almost impossible that dim idiosyncrasy would acquire a distinctly Asian flavor. Although this year's event, which begins on Sept. 29 and runs until Oct. 15, has a small share of the world's film royalty—including James Cagney and leading Indian star Om Puri—the Vancouver International Film Festival also contains, through its Dragons and Tigers series, its offer the largest selection of Pacific Asian films anywhere outside East Asia.

While the Vancouver festival is still slightly lost in the outside shadow of its eastern Canadian rival, it has pluckily earned its own self-confident stature and fame. Last year, 112,000 people flocked to its screens over 17 days to watch 220 films. And it is in two categories that Vancouver gives its claim to distinction: international documentaries and movies from China, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Japan, South Korea and Singapore. Of this year's offerings, there are 25 documentaries and 65 East Asian movies. Screenings of such notable films as Allan Fung's *The Master Double Cross*, about an alleged cover-up behind the Lockheed air disaster, help the festival to maintain a reputation for serious respect. But with the broadening into mainstream popularity in recent years of a growing number of Asian features, including China's *Farewell My Concubine* and Taiwan's *Eat Drink Man Woman*, it is the fresh cinematic snuff blowing from across the Pacific that have kept Vancouver's program from growing stale.

In keeping with Vancouver's laid-back reputation, the West Coast showcase is arguably more of a social and cultural event than one driven by the art of the deal. While the festi-

Vancouver's movie showcase includes a daring mix of treats from the East

val's Asian titles routinely sell out faster than ice cream in tropical climates in Hong Kong, the theaters were generally filled by local movie fans, not out-of-town looking agents. One reason is that festivals are no longer the marketing vehicles that they once were: by the time most big-studio feature films are screened before a live audience, buyers

than simply previews of the Western box office hits from Asian producers (although in Shanghai Triad, Zhang Yimou's latest vehicle for his capriciously beautiful—and resurging—Gong Li, they will have that as well). Offering a voracious tongue into some of Asia's often opaque subcultures is Hong Kong director Yonfan's *Dragon Street*, set in Singapore's transvestite district and rife with male nudity, as well as the dark Japanese police (gwapo!) movie *Go-Ryu*, a homoerotic thriller by Jōshi Takahashi. The latter stars Best Talent, who makes his first screen appearance since he suffered a devastating motorcycle accident last year.

Putting such films up on the screens means that Vancouver's festival may never challenge



Stace from *Dragon Street*, wears voyeuristic ghespoes into subcultures

scouts have already weighed their merits as scripts and viewed them as rough's cuts in editing suites around the globe. For another, movie distributors on this continent are insignificant suppliers in North America's Asian commodities. Hong Kong's glow film distributor, Golden Harvest, looked up that market long ago, and they keep it well supplied with Hong Kong-made potboilers.

Rather than trying to cut in on their action, Vancouver's festival aims instead to bring the diverse pleasures of Asian cinema to a mainstream audience. Those who munch popcorn at Vancouver's six festival theatres this year are being treated to more

Toronto—or even Montreal's—air of attention of mass-market movie buyers. "I don't care," says Tony Rayan, the London-based British film critic who has picked Vancouver's Asian program for the past six years. "These kinds of films aren't going to do much to lower trade sales," he concludes. "But it gives me an excuse to give space to some very interesting directors." With the Toronto festival's focus on mass appeal and its dozens of films from around the world (296 movies, including 23 from East Asia this year), it may qualify as the showboard of film trends. But for the pleasures of cinematic dining, it is the quiet, there is no place like Vancouver. Not, at least, on this side of the Pacific.

ROBIN AIELLO in Vancouver

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Patching up lives

Two tales go for the heart, with mixed results

Last year, there were no few strong roles for women in Hollywood. It seems that the Oscar's best actresses went to Jessica Lange for a film that hardly anyone saw (*Blue Sky*). This year already looks better, with Meryl Streep getting Clint Eastwood to help with the duties in *The Bridges of Madison County* and Nicole Kidman getting away with murder as a fame-phased femme fatale in *To Die For*. And then there are the new "women's movies," which cram as many strong female roles as possible into a single script—films such as *How to Make an American Quilt* or *Moonlight and Valentine*.

Both new independent dramas about women turning to each other for solace, women who have been widowed, divorced, desecrated, betrayed or neglected. And in both films, the only truly sympathetic guy is a male loner who barely talks, a blue-collar god whose only purpose is to take off his shirt—and fulfill the fantasy of a woman hoping to find a little uncomplicated sex just once in her life.

How to Make an American

Quilt is the better of the two movies. Based on the 1991 novel by Whitney Otto, it is an elegant patchwork of stories in which several women involved in a contemporary quilting bee resistive about lost romance. Providing the narrative thread is a young woman anxious about her engagement, a graduate student named Finn (Whose Kyler) who takes a break from her fiancé (Dennis Haysbert) to spend the summer with her grandmother (Ellen Burstyn) and great aunt (Anne Bancroft).

There house, a quiet California retreat surrounded by orange groves, serves as home to the quilting bee, a ritual that has been passed down through the generations. As Finn's elders sew her wedding quilt, she hears their (over)laid tales of romantic woe. She, meanwhile, works on a quilt of her own, a mother's three on women's hands woven in tribal motifs. Her one distraction is a Hispanic boy, a farm worker who offers to feed her strawberries, and his body, both soft scars from the sun.

As a cross-generational sense of women's tales, the movie bears an obvious resemblance



Bancroft (left), Burstyn, Ryder, Woodard, Neillson; whiskey

to *The Joy Luck Club* (1993). But *American Quilt*'s dramatic fabric is more delicate, its film pulled by whiskey. In one comic scene, the sisters played by Burstyn and Bancroft sit on the porch and light up a joint before unearthing a sad memory of marital infidelity. The mosaic story of several women quilting and taking in life unapologetically, although they are in California, whose presumably anything goes.

The film's ensemble cast has remarkable depth. It includes screen veterans Jane Fonda, as the long-suffering wife of a philandering artist; Rose Neillson, as a quietly despairing widow who comes between them; poet Maya Angelou, as the master quilter who was once a maid in the women's household; and Alice Woodard, who plays her maternal daughter. A series of flashbacks feature a whole

second tier of actresses playing the quilters as young women.

And the crowded cast, Ryder holds her own, bringing a natural blend of vulnerability and grace to a slender lead role. And Australian director Jocelyn Moorhouse (*Pond*) stitches her disparate threads into a harmonious, if lightweight, fabric. As

the film would have it, patching together a quilt, a romance or a movie requires the same homespun philosophy: in the words of one character, "You have to choose your combinations carefully, go by instinct and be true."

Clinging to conventional wisdom, *American Quilt* is more safe than brave. And, as a piece of ersatz folk art, it seems more devoted to design than to content. But the conclusions work. Although each story just skims the surface of a life, drawing out a few threads, together they exert a surprising tug on the heartstrings, creating a picture that proves to be more than the sum of its parts.

Moonlight and Valentine offers a much simpler premise. Beginning with the tragic death of a husband, who is hit by a car while jogging, it unfolds as a kind of subplot movie about mourning—a weeper in reverse. The film is scripted by Ellen Seaton (daughter of playwright Neil), who based it on her play, which was in turn based on her own experience of losing a husband.

As Rebecca, a widowed poetry teacher, Elisabeth Perkins gives a fine performance, capturing the resentment and skepticism that are so easily mixed up with grieving. But the story degenerates into the dramatic equivalent of a 10-step program: Rebecca's higher power is a sexy house painter played by rock

star Jon Bon Jovi. And her support group includes a virginal kid sister (Georgina Palfrey), an overbearing stepmother (Kathleen Turner) and a dinky best friend (Whoopi Goldberg).

Once the widow agrees to let the painter enter space up her wing, it is only a matter of time before he rekindles her sex drive. Sex, apparently, is the antidote to tragedy. And here it is Jon Bon Jovi's song: "What's Cool, What's Hot"—and much less poignant than the movie.

Goldberg sees an outside to tragedy



THOMAS D. JOHNSON



Making the mundane sublime

A touring exhibition showcases Mary Pratt's homespun esthetic



Pratt with *The Dining Room with a Red Rug* (1995), the art of celebration

She is a grandmother of nine, a slim, dark-haired figure with a wicked laugh and a no-nonsense attitude born of spending most of her life in a Newfoundland outpost. That attitude, sweetie, it seems, has contributed to Mary Pratt's acclaimed art. The 60-year-old painter believes that only concrete, real images are truly worth painting. The sum of a career based on that homespun esthetic now hangs on the walls of the Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, in a major exhibition titled *The Art of Mary Pratt: The Substance of Light*. The show, which opened on September 15 and begins a cross-country tour in November, is accompanied by a richly illustrated book of the same title (*Goose Lane Editions/The Beaverbrook Art Gallery*, \$65, written by the retrospective's curator Tim Smart). But her work, as Pratt surveyed the 58 oils and watercolors in the exhibition, the Fredericton-born painter seemed remarkably humble about herself and her accomplishments. "You've got to remember," she explained, "I don't think I ever really believed I would be a very good painter."

Yet, Pratt has been a force in Canadian art for the past 25 years. Critics have gushed that her paintings amount to "a new way of seeing" and have called her "the visual poet of the lobster." Collectors fork over as much as \$20,000 for a new "Pratt." Her most recognizable images of fish, food and fire have graced everything from commercial



Exorcised Chickens (1997): a career focused on the concrete

billboards to the cover of an Alice Munro short story collection. "Mary Pratt is one of the giants of Canadian art," declares Smart, who is the curator at the Beaverbrook Art Gallery. "She deserves to be better known."

The daughter of a lawyer and a housewife, Mary West grew up in the comfortable shelter of parental protection. She had celebrated what was 11, one of her paintings was selected for an international exhibition in Paris—which blossomed at Mount Allison University in Sackville, N.B., where she studied under Alex Colville, then in the early stages of becoming one of the titans of Canadian realist painting. Then, she met a handsome, pre-med student from Newfoundland named Christopher Pratt. In 1957, the couple married. And six years later, they moved to a rustic cottage in the tiny Newfoundland outpost of Salmonier, 200 km southwest of St. John's, where Christopher took the first tentative steps towards building his own international reputation as a realist painter.

In the early years of the marriage, Mary's art took a backseat; she painted—mostly sugar-coated-style still lifes—when she could steal a bit of time away from cooking, keeping house and raising their four children. Sometimes it was simply too much. Once, while she was out on a piece, her son Ned swallowed half a bottle of Aspirin and had to be rushed to St. John's to have his stomach pumped. During

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a particularly bad bout of self-doubt in 1976. Pratt vowed to quit altogether and took up sewing lemons. Through it all, though, her technique and vision developed. Totally isolated from the artistic fashions of Toronto, New York City and London, she turned to images of her everyday rural life—spotted fish, flayed chickens and breakers of blood-red current jelly—which spoke to her as a physical level. “I have to go to the source,” she says. “I can’t auto-lechance. For me reality is a very sensual experience.”

In 1989, as she worked on the painting *Supper Table*, she found her technique—based on a work on a photographic image. At first she was uncomfortable with that method, considering herself inferior to artists such as her husband and Cobble, who painted images first glimpsed in their own minds. In truth, they were all part of the New Realist school of painters then coming to the fore in Canada and the United States, which re-challenged many artists working from photographs. It was a group that, in Pratt’s words, “asserted that a purely visual perception of the world was a valid basis on which to compose a work of art.”

Some 25 years later, Mary Pratt still seems a touch skeptical about her place in the art world. “I look and paint and Alex and Christopher think and paint,” she says. “I came from a lower order.” Smart, however, again that Pratt’s honestly subject matter and satirical style are deceptive. He cites the metaphors of domestic and gender violence inherent in her early paintings of fish, fowl and animal carcasses, the question of sexual identity raised in her renderings, the apocalyptic energy of the borders. But Pratt claims a simple creed: “I feel no thing is not worth discussing,” she says. “I don’t think I have any answers. My paintings just make the questions more colorful.”

Pratt continues to rephrase these questions, but with a new vigor. “I’m more excited about my work than I’ve ever been before,” declares the artist, who now lives apart from her husband. She keeps a house in St. John’s, but finds it more productive to work for longer periods in a condominium in Vancouver, where she and a Japanese woodblock printmaker have been busy creating a series of limited edition prints based on her still lifes. As well, the artist has resurrected an old idea for an art film based on her work. But mainly, Pratt is busy misinterpreting on



Child with Two Adults
(1989) *Burning the Rhododendrons* (1990)
(top) domestic poetry
and apocalyptic energy

her breakthrough painting *Supper Table* featured six place settings, the implication of *Dinner for One* is evident. “Life is about change and flux,” she says. “It is not something that needs to be grasped about. It is all alarming and worth celebrating.” Despite her begrudging self-doubt, Mary Pratt continues to practice the art of calibrating.

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BOOKS

Far-flung adventures

Evoking the humanity behind the headlines

A FIRE ON THE MOUNTAINS: EXPLORING THE HUMAN SPIRIT FROM MEXICO TO MADAGASCAR

by Garland Ross
(Knopf, 400 pages, \$29.95)

In the old days, the Third World was a place of poverty, inequality, corruption, guerrilla wars and death squads. It was Pinochet's Chile or just about any place in Africa. Now, judging by much of the coverage in the business press, the Third World has been magically transformed into one big emerging market, a sales brochure for multinational firms. But it is in fact rather more troubling, conception of the Third World that

pushed him from power. There is also a sad tale of a young peasant woman in El Salvador who stayed on as government troops reclaimed an area held by the rebels. Even though almost everyone else was fleeing in terror—women usually stayed—people living in rebel areas as well—few women chose to stay. When the soldiers marched into the area, she greeted them with water and baskets of bread, and with "these strange offerings," Ross writes, "it seemed to me for all the world that she was trying to prefigure the faces of some terrible god."

Ross avoids the trap of turning his book into a polemic or an earnest collection of



Ross: beyond Third World despair

Toronto-based writer Oakland Ross takes readers of his new book, *A Fire on the Mountains*. His title takes from a work by Chilean poet Pablo Neruda, the book explores Ross's travels, adventures and misadventures as a correspondent for the Toronto Globe and Mail in Latin America and Africa from 1982 to 1990.

Ross's aspiration was to move beyond the stereotypes of the Third World, to get past the horrors and despair to a shared humanity. The idea, as he says in the opening chapter, the people of the Third World are a colorful mess, a jumble of the headlines. "I wanted to write about people as though we were members of the same species. This may not seem like a revolutionary ambition but neither is it the inalienable norm of Western journalism."

In the best parts of the book, Ross manages to fit his stories beyond the current flow of traditional news reporting, combining vivid observations with no evident affection for the people he is writing about. His portrait of a roadside priest in Haiti emphasizes the priest's religious aspect rather than his cautious. Elsewhere, Ross makes a surprising man for the sake of a compelling chapter on Pinochet's Chile and the upwelling of popular demonstrations that

stories sometimes take a backseat to what is said. Ross, 42, is evidently an excellent writer, but his presence in the narrative, complete with a fondness for rum punch, attractive women and cryptic prose, is often intrusive. And there is little thematic cohesion between the pieces on Latin America and those on Africa—beyond the fact that Ross lived in both places. Better a thinner book about Latin America, with less of the author strutting about the pages.

Still, if Ross manages to remind us of the people behind the headlines for emerging markets, he has done them, and, on a service.

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- ☐ Gas
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Tower of babble

A fine writer mars his tale with too many voices

THE MOOR'S LAST SIGH

By Salman Rushdie
(Knopf, 437 pages, \$32)

It would seem that Salman Rushdie simply does not know how to play it safe. The Anglo-Indian novelist has been in hiding in Britain for six years, ever since Iran's Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini condemned him to death for alleged anti-Muslim sentiments in his 1988 novel, *The Satanic Verses*. Now, his new novel, *The Moor's Last Sigh*—nominated for Britain's prestigious Booker Prize last week—has aroused many Hindus. The Indian distributor of the book has refused to release it in Bombay, where a radical Hindu political party, Shiv Sena, has deemed it offensive. The trouble seems to be a character in the novel called Ramas Fielding, who apparently assumes Shiv Sena's leader, Bal Thackeray. His party has been accused of fomenting conflict between Bombay's Muslims and Hindus, which has killed more than 800 people since 1992. Rushdie has revealed that religious strife in his novel, suggesting that one of its main causes is Fielding's hate campaign against Muslim culture. The rest of the subcontinent, however, seems to be taking Rushdie's novel in stride. It has been released in other Indian cities without incident.

Whatever the shortcomings of Shiv Sena's intellectual thought police, they must at least be congratulated for having allowed their way through *The Moor's Last Sigh*. This tedious and frenetically overwritten novel of hot sublimos under its own weight sails—about two thirds of the way through—it finally develops some narrative momentum. That, of course, will be much too late for most readers who, having no political agenda to spare them, will long before have flung the book at the wall.

The character of *The Moor's Last Sigh* is a familiar figure from Rushdie's fiction, an outsider struggling to make sense of a life torn by the anarchic currents of history. By his own admission, Moraes Zogheb—discussed "The Moor"—is somewhat of a freak. To begin with, he is growing old at twice the normal rate, so that in his late 30s, he can go as far as begins his memoir, he looks and acts like an old man. His fingerless, club-like right hand, declared from birth, is only good for knocking other men down—an activity he has pursued with relish. As well, he grows from his family's racially charged past how made him a sophisticated gaze with black skin and white hair.

It is tempting to see elements of Rushdie

himself in this portrait. Not that the writer physically resembles Moraes, but Rushdie has had to endure the brokenness of enforced isolation, with his ability to let a good writer's life melt away. What does bind him to the novel of assimilation? Like Moraes, Rushdie is also of mixed cultural background, although his federal character is more exotic, with Spanish, Portuguese and Moorish bloodlines complicated by a Jewish



Rushdie: a novel that proves he does not know how to play it safe

and Christian religious inheritance.

Moraes is haunted by his ancestors. Evoked in the novel's opening chapters, they are an excessive bunch given to romantically flamboyant behavior at love and hatred. Moraes inherits their grandiosity indeed. *The Moor's Last Sigh* is an exercise in no-nonsense melodrama, much of it centered on the Moor's relations with his mother, Aurora, a famous painter. She is both a nurturing and destructive force in his life, and by the time he realises her essential love for him, she is dead—in, of course, melodramatic and mysterious circumstances.

It is tempting to see elements of Rushdie himself in this portrait. Not that the writer physically resembles Moraes, but Rushdie has had to endure the brokenness of enforced isolation, with his ability to let a good writer's life melt away. What does bind him to the novel of assimilation? Like Moraes, Rushdie is also of mixed cultural background, although his federal character is more exotic, with Spanish, Portuguese and Moorish bloodlines complicated by a Jewish

Such a brief summary can hardly convey the tortuous elaborations of Rushdie's plot, involving dozens of minor characters. It becomes as crushingly detailed as the facade of some Hindu temple, where hordes of mythological figures endlessly proliferate. There is nothing wrong with his approach except that, in his ironic aversion, Rushdie rarely settles into an event long enough to make a satisfying. As with his characters, for all the hyperbolic romance of their lives—are hardly ever sympathetic. *The Moor's Last Sigh* is a novel about big feelings that cannot generate even little ones. Its flashes of humor cannot make up for its collisions.

Rushdie, even in his captivity in British safe houses, has written much better than this. His recent story collection, *East, West*, contains several tales that manage to balance exaggerated characters with a human warmth. *The Moor's Last Sigh* does contain a little evidence of the old Rushdie, including his affecting overtones of Bombay's horrible present. But most of the novel reads like the vision of a harried mind that has lost touch with the pace and amplitude of ordinary life.

JOHN BIRMINGHAM

Bernardo's labyrinth

Three authors track the sex killer's dark journey

Among his longtime buddies from the Toronto suburb of Scarborough with their taste for fast cars, strong drink and beautiful women, Paul Bernardo was often the life of the party. The handsome, courteous, eloquent, and intelligent young man, who his friends adored, and many young women in their late teens and early 20s found utterly irresistible. But that amiable facade was a mask that hid Bernardo's vicious hatred of females, and a seething rage that drove him to kidnapping, rape and murder two teenage schoolgirls in the St. Catharines, Ont., home he shared with Karin Honskika, then his wife. Bernardo, 31, and all his personal demons are now locked up for a minimum of 30 years following his conviction on Sept. 1 on two counts of first-degree murder. But his sensational trial left numerous blanks in the story of a twisted young man, his viridly attractive sociopathic and their sinister relationship.

Most of the gaps have been filled by the publication of *Deadly Innocence* (Warner, 364 pages, \$8.99), written by Toronto Star reporter Scott Burnside and Alan Cairns, and *Lethal Marriage* (Bantam, 364 pages, \$7.99), by The Toronto Star's Wild Press. Both books—released within days of Bernardo's conviction—contain detailed accounts of his upbringing in an affluent family that was rife with conflict and denial of love. However, because Cairns and Burnside were able to interview several of the couple's closest friends, they provide the more compelling account of Bernardo's teens, his adult years and his relationship with Honskika. Still, they come to closer than Pross to unravelling the most puzzling aspects of this case: Bernardo's participation in Bernardo's crimes, for which she received a relatively lenient 12-year sentence for manslaughter in July, 1993, after agreeing to testify against her former husband.

Pross and his rivals from the Star attended Bernardo's trial almost daily, and they relied extensively on the evidence to produce their books, both written in a breezy, journalistic style. But Pross went much further than Cairns and Burnside—some would say too far—in this regard. He has quoted almost verbatim the transcripts from 37 hours of in-household videotapes that depict Bernardo and Honskika raping Linda Malachuk, 14, and

reveal Bernardo for what he is: a vicious sexual sadist who found nothing more pleasurable than inflicting pain on his terrified teenage victims. But the material is also so repulsive that it may leave some readers to set aside the book, which carries a warning about its violent content on the cover.

With the cooperation of Bernardo's boyhood friend Van Smith, the Star reporters go a long way toward explaining how Bernardo became so filled with hatred. They contend that he and his two elder siblings were raised in a loveless home by their authoritarian father, Kenneth, a middle-class accountant who dressed well and invested his money carefully, and their stay-at-home mother, Marilyn, whom they portray as an erratic, over-weight hypochondriac.

Bernardo's already turbulent emotions were irreversibly poisoned when, at age 16, his mother revealed to him that he was illegitimate. His real father, she told him, was her teenage sweetheart. "Marilyn's revelation clawed at Paul's soul," Cairns and Burnside write. "The feeling of betrayal by the woman who should have loved him more than anyone else in his life would not leave him, ever."

Outwardly, however, Bernardo was all smiles and charm. Appearances to him were everything. He dressed smartly, decorated motivational tapes and books, lifted weights, spent money recklessly and dreamed of being rich. He dated his male friends with his ability to charm women, his instant conquests and his countless infidelities. It was, in fact, no surprise to any of them when Honskika fell under his spell as a 17-year-old high school student from St. Catharines.

The two books are not the first to stray into the Bernardo labyrinth. Even before Bernardo had been convicted, two volumes, *Karla's Wish*, by University of Western Ontario English professor Frank Davey, and *A Marriage Made for Murder*, by New Brunswick writer Brian O'Neill, had appeared. A fifth book, tentatively titled *Insoluble Darkness*, by Toronto journalist Martin, is due in the spring. As for Cairns, Burnside and Pross, all say they are physically and emotionally drained from working on their books while covering the last month trial. And all are happy finally to put the monstrous depravity of Paul Bernardo behind them.

DARCY JENNIS



Cairns (right), Burnside: Pross (below): a loveless background, and a winner of smiles



Kristen French, 15, whom they later murdered. He also used the transcript from a in-household videotape that shows the couple raping Bernardo's daughter and unconscious sister Tammy, 15, who choked to death on her vomit shortly after the attack. The transcripts, never before published in their entirety, have a certain value in that they clearly show Bernardo as the perpetrator of these crimes, and Honskika as a follower. And they



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Twenty-four facts about the O. J. case

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

Eight months ago, when I was preparing to cover the trial that is going to last a century, I was teasing my friend Betty Kennedy, who used to work for a 38-year CBC show whose name escapes me.

She thought there was a chance G. I. Simpson was innocent. I told her the only man in history more obviously guilty was Adolph Hitler. When I returned from Los Angeles, I apologized to her. I said I would withdraw the name of Hitler. I would substitute instead Anna the Hun.

Here are 34 things you wished you didn't have to know about the soap opera:

1 Judge Lance Ito, when he was a prosecutor, met the white woman who is now his wife and the highest-ranking female on the L.A. police force, at a murder scene.

2 Lead prosecutor Marcia Clark's first husband, a professional backgammon player, accidentally shot in the head his best friend, who is still crippled.

3. *Wickre* is one San Francisco restaurant wear lapel buttons that state, "We do not return compliments."

4. Simpson, who was paid \$550,000 a year to represent Hirtz, revealed in the suicide note found in the Ford Bronco that he could not spell and had difficulty putting sentences together.

5. In her closing argument, Marcia Clark discussed whether Q-J had dandruff in the collection.

8. The L.A. Times discovered that Johnnie Cochran's first wife twice accused him of assaulting her, in 1967 and 1971. The 1967 declaration for a restraining order read, "My husband violently pushed me against the wall, held me there and grabbed me by my chest. He has slapped me in the past, torn a dress off me, and threatened on numerous occasions to beat me up."

7. Judge Bo, who was named California judge of the year by his peers in 2003, said before he was named to the case that "a gay would have to be crazy to take this case."

3. Maria Clark's second husband was a



Scientology executive a half-decade younger than she was.

9. Lawyers Robert Connick and Gloria Van Santen, who represent on the case every

13 Judge's wife was beaten by her husband in her first marriage


11. A reporter threatened with contempt of court by Judge Ito for chewing gum in the

13. Although O. J. Simpson was an All-American football and the Heisman Trophy winner as the best college football player in

14. Judge Itō's parents met at an internment camp where Japanese-Americans who were sent there after Pearl Harbor.

35. In a *New York Republic*, an *American* teacher in a Midwestern high school explained how he told his class to follow the case closely to learn about the law and the courts and justice. His class is open minded. All the white students find Shoppes is guilty. All the black kids think he's been framed. One student asked the teacher if he had as noted that the detective who planned O. J. in his Chicago hotel room said, "Your wife is dead." Smart! had smart cop O. J. had smart. You can be smart from a criminal accident, "book smart." The response "Noble's been framed" is a racist response. It avoided the boy for his darkness and said "Well, that seems to be guilty." The student, who is black, said "You black's been framed."

16 Marcia Clark paid her way through law school by serving hamburgers and dancing in a modern dance troupe.



17. Cochran has been hired to represent the families of those killed in the Oklahoma City bombing.

18 An agent is allowed to visit O. J. Simpson's jail quarters once a week for him to sign memorabilia and books that have already brought him millions.

19 Last month, several hundred people from all over America flew to Los Angeles to pay for an "O. J. Simpson Crime" They chose a mock jury, did opening presentations and closing arguments and voted 10-2 for conviction. Real lawyers hired to supervise were astounded at how much the crashing tourists knew about the trial and how expert they were on court procedures.

29. O J. had a life-size statue of himself in his garden. His son several years back took a baseball bat and smashed it to pieces.

21. The *Los Angeles Times*, a serious paper that thinks of itself as a league with *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, runs a regular list of G. J. Simpson jokes.

22 Maria Clark started her career as law as a defense attorney. She was frustrated early on when she defended a man she knew was guilty and the court freed him. She turned to prosecution and her first mentor, an elderly lawyer, said, "It was like putting

23. Johnnie Cochran's first wife and his white mistress, who goes by the name of Patricia Cochran, appeared together on the *Cosmo* cover above.

24 Assistant prosecutor Christopher Darden's high-school hero was a football player, O. J. Simpson. Darden used to wear his number 14.

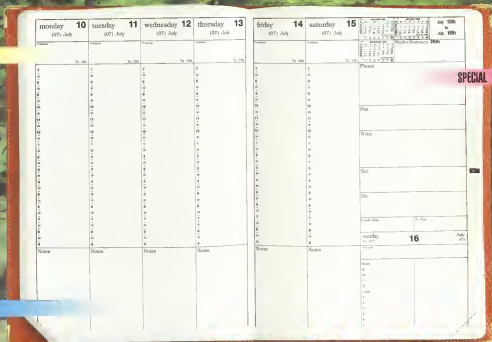
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